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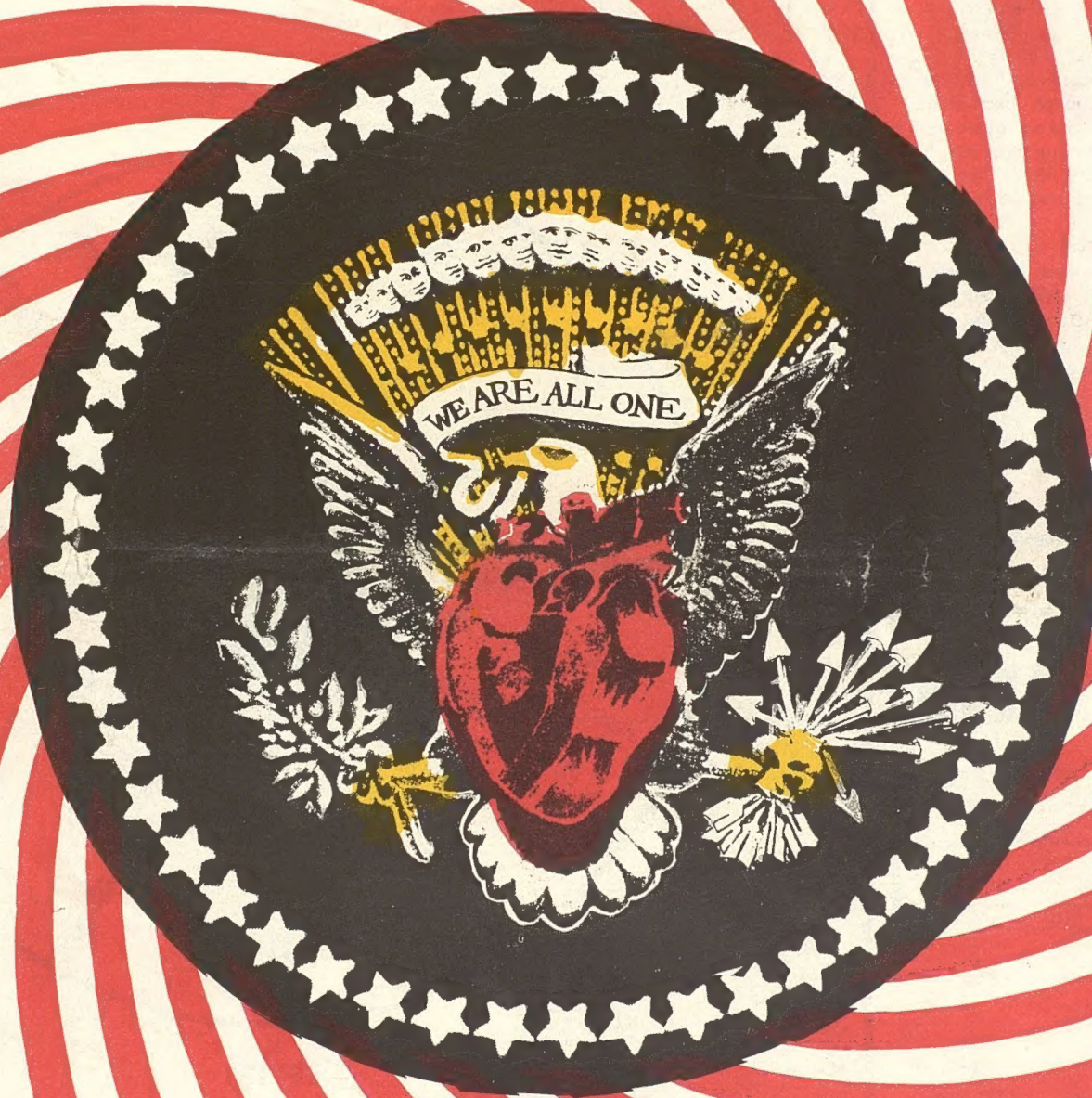
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CHICAGO

VOL. 3 NO. 10 35¢

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The Paper
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CHICAGO SEED

Well, we really wanted to justify all of this issue to make it look snazzy and unleash the art people so they could run amok in white-space land but it's 5 AM and we've been here for two days straight and the noise level is amazing and some of us are starting to think that the alternate society means working two eight-hour shifts in one day.

This thing is Volume 3; number (\$150/month and no symbol for "number") 10 of the Chicago Seed, which is published every two weeks by Seed Publishing, Inc. out of 837 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago 60610. AS OF MAY 1st, WE WILL BE MOVING TO

1900 N HALSTED STREET
CHICAGO ILL. 60614

As of now, the hello phone is still 337-2623, the business (ad) phone is 943-5290, and Let Freedom Ring is GOD-1786. If these aren't enough, look down at the bottom of the page.

We're really tired, so it would be nice if some of you dropped around and helped us move to the new Seed Building and lick stamps and arrange for speaking and music permits and write and draw and laugh and dance and meditate and analyze. This is your paper. You are the people who have raised out circulation to 25,000 copies/issue, you are the people who keep us in this Grey City by the Lake so we can curse temperature inversions and lung infections and ignorant cops and off-register pages and subsistence salaries and people who ask about hair and drugs and guns and sex and a thousand and one other obsolete questions. You are the people who should be asking new questions and forming new answers. Hurry, the wind just shifted and the smoke is rolling in from Gary.

The people who have stuff in this issue are:

Abe, Marshall, Mark, Mike, Lester, Skippy, Paul, Mad Mordecai, Skeets from Kaleidoscope, Todd, Ruth, LNS, FRED, the North Side Cooperative Ministers, Ol' Prof Domhoff and Ol' Prof Fitz, Val, Jo Anna, Hip Pocrates, Ordinum Fugitivi, Nancy, RoseAnne from EVO, and everyone who called in information.

B. and Allison are back, Eliot and Filth are heading west for however long they stay, Donovan sold a shitload of papers, and nothing would have gotten done without Terry.

The masthead quote would have been a Dalton Trumbo thing about the Second City being the Second-Hand City but someone forgot the book.

Goodnight.

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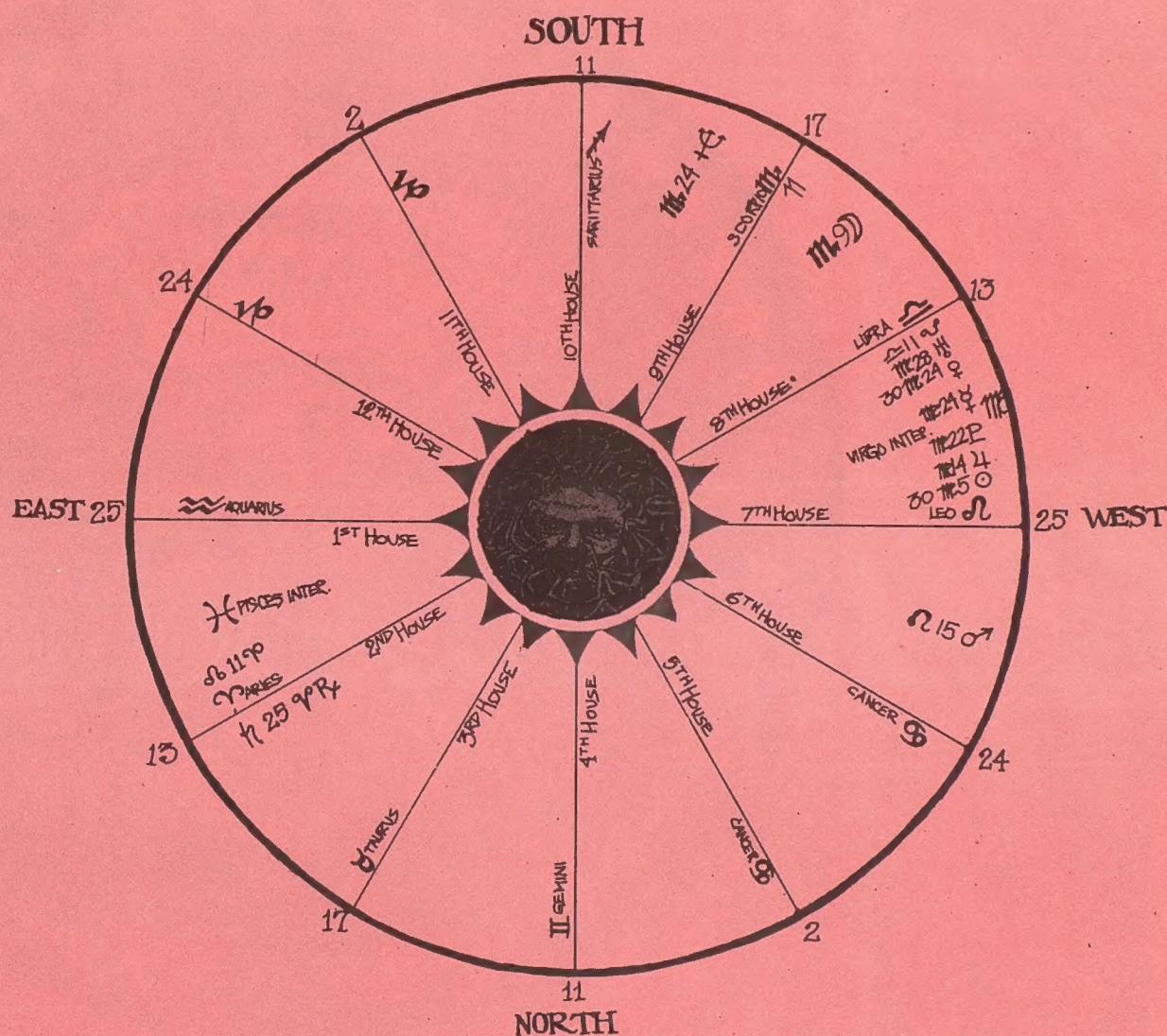
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ON THE THRESHOLD

Of all the analysis and sweeping references made to the events of the last week of August, 1968 in Chicago, none seem to reflect a vision inclusive of an awareness of forces beyond the obvious. It hardly need be stated that truth can not be hog-tied to any person's dimensionality or notion thereof. Precipitate concretization of energy manifesting in seemingly chaotic forms is nothing new to man, although to the participant in any particular aspect of such occurrences remaining detached from the incidental liability of the moment may prove to be more difficult than harvesting the scars of temporal struggle.

Confrontation is the key word which continually emerges through the observations of those reporting the events of the infamous week. The substance of confusion seems to arise out of a general underestimation of the magnitude of the play we as humanity are enacting at this time. The understandable temptation to assume that a particular act represents a personal or social or political affront is no longer tenable. All aspects of the issue and those who bear the standards of these aspects must come to be known, each by each other, as having emanated vibrations or rays which reflected the pattern brought to light by the event or its result.

As humanity gathers itself for the step into new consciousness, it must yet shudder from the hangover of the untruths of the passing age and its incumbent limitations. We must face the fact, all of us, that we are experiencing the changeover from the Piscean Age to that of Aquarius. OLD WAYS ARE GONE. Only the refusal to expand to include the unknown binds us all to the revolving wheel of repetition, known on occasion as revolution. The necessities of our shared moment are clearly not a repetition of cycles known long before and remembered as history, but are of an order possible of discovery to each and all through receptivity in openness. The cosmic stimulus, requiring humanity's response, is in effect. How humanity responds will be known by the emanations we individually and collectively experience.



To be found above is a map of the respective positions of the known members of our solar system for the elucidation of curious souls. It is erected for August 28, 7 PM--the moment of the playing out of the representative occurrence of the events under consideration. OLD WAYS ARE GONE indicates interpretative methods not bound by the limitations of the popular past methods of decoding represented forces of energy. It is for this reason that I hold specific commentary about the map to a minimum, leaving room for the seeds of discovery to take root and become the growth of individual experience for those who make the effort.

Watching the wheel turning in all directions simultaneously, I offer no defense of beliefs. Here now on the threshold of exploration of the absurd, that Shamballa blossom in the garden of earthly theater, we stand as children of light, preparing to bathe in the necessities of evolution.

TODD CAZAUX



Anon



Anon

Skeets Millard

The Thirty-Ninth Annual Peace Parade To End The War In Vietnam proved that this is the year of the dead chicken. People at Wacker and Clark left their 15,000 comrades to pitch a paltry number of coins at a 99-year old chicken trainer and watch his bird fall off a rope. Guerrilla thespians dressed as eagles became barnyard rejects as they pecked at the livers of anguished peasants. There was no contingent from Rhode Island, but the Red Squad escorted counter-demonstrators Indian file against the State Street tide, hurrying them along except when it was time to pause and record the image of some especially foul peacenik.

April fifth---42 degrees near the lake, warmer at either airport. April fifth---a mile east and eighty years after Haymarket workers fought the pigs of their time; an eight-ten-twenty abreast stream of humanity let a longhaired brother be seized by one of the 500 specially trained (to attack only on command) servers and protectors. The stream flowed on to the Coliseum while little rivulets of blood stained the parking lot two blocks

away and dermis from the captured Commie's back blew in the wind.

The wind was long inside the arena; 7000 people listened to unintentional mantras as one speaker after another cackled on with atrocity figures and fund solicitations. A copy of the "Young Socialist", retrieved from the floor (lining for the bottom of the birdcage), described Abbie Hoffman as a liberal in despair. Other young socialists muttered "correct" slogans as they collected \$1 a head and heard Panther Nathaniel Junior and Young Lord Cha Cha Jimenez call people chicken for bullshitting about events 6000 miles away while some animals are more equal than others right in our own barnyard. Rennie Davis, already the target of Max ("whatever happened to the responsible peace movement") Primack sat on the rostrum and had his vision blotted as bereted cocks-of-the-rocks told the assembly that the 39th Annual Peace Parade To End The War In Vietnam would be Chicago's last. People from Highland Park and Glencoe left while their student sons and daughters cheered at state-

ments about one class-conscious worker being worth a thousand of their breed.

It was a nice day for a walk and Skeets from KALEIDOSCOPE clipped a hawk's wings with a well-aimed fist. Somewhere in Los Angeles, Ralph Ortiz, who calls himself a member of the cultural vanguard, was charging people \$3 each for the privilege of flogging their neighbor with chicken cadavers. The Panthers claim to be the Hog Butcher's political vector, and who can challenge the statement of these men with the good sense to drive to the Coliseum even as final plans were being made for a Black Easter Parade down the asphalt remains of non-violence. A black lamb led the march along King Drive, but the 39th Annual Peace Parade To End The War in Vietnam was buried in the dead doves' droppings.

A. Peck



April ninth. Appearing in ring one, the Conspiracy 8, the ACLU 3, and the Justice Dept. 2. In ring two (lobby), the guerrilla theater 37, the C.P.D. 50, and the everybody else 932. In the center ring, the federal government and Nixon the One. 5 for the Cubs, 4 for the Phillies. (extra innings)

Yes, those jolly heroes, the Eight non-leaders of the Conspiracy, finally managed to meet each other as they were led into Judge Hoffman's courtroom in the Federal Building. Needless to say, the joyous throng of everybody else was confined to the Hallowed Halls of Justice. Then again, Lenny Bruce used to say that the only Justice is to be found in the halls.

Meanwhile, it was fun and games back in the lobby. The Rapid Transit Guerrilla Theater danced and sang and crucified while the Panthers posed for pictures with little red books. The media big boys were there to help the justice dept. observers observe the arrest of one Conspirator just for practice (he was later released).

Then to the Plaza to do the hokey-pokey at the flag-pole. There were Panthers, greasers, Yippies, guerrillas, cops, newsmen, passers-by, dope peddlers, Headhunters, liberals, lawyers, Seed sellers, and pervers. While everyone joined hands and chanted "to breathe is to conspire," our boys were upstairs pleading not guilty with fists clenched and playing legal games with ol' Judge H. Judge Hoffman (in reality Abbie's uncle) seemed to be working under the assumption that everyone was guilty, ing under the assumption that everyone was in contempt of court. And he was right. An arraignment that should have taken ten minutes lasted an hour-and-one-half in memory of due process before the Eight were allowed to leave the room. It was only by virtue of a latter appeal that they were granted permission to leave lovely Cook County.

Eventually, the boys came down and spoke to the joyous throng about solidarity and revolution. They used some nasty words. So did I in a short address to the Federal Building, but all that got me was an argument from some ideologue who accused me of Provocation.

As nightfall approached, the Conspirators folded their tents and went to more permanent shelter. But the circus is returning on May 12th to play Pre-Trial Motion. Bring friends, toys, games, and good vibes to Dearborn & Adams. By then, you will have heard about Permanent Conspiracy H.Q.

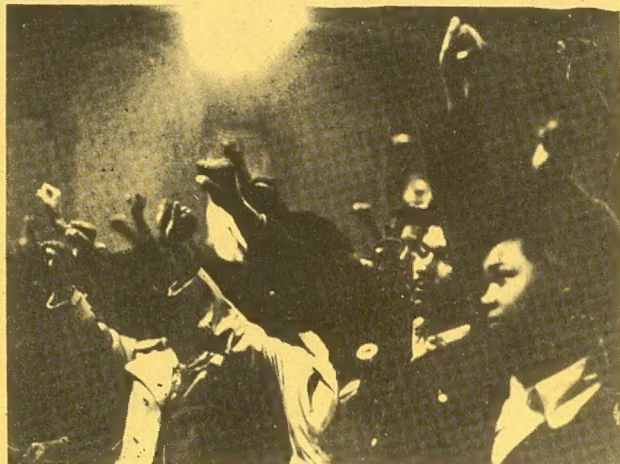
John Ringling North



Ruth Kamen

COMMUNITY

OF KINGS AND PANTHERS AND REVOLUTIONARY ALLIANCES



Several thousand kids go to Crane High School on the 2200 block of West Jackson. Through some accident of environment, all of them are black. Last year, when Martin Luther King Junior was shot off a Memphis balcony, the kids at Crane took their anger and their anguish to the streets. As the anniversary of James Earl Ray's Day of Infamy approached, the halls of the Board of Education heard whispers about whether or not some memorial was appropriate. The decision was that a ceremony might spark violence. The American mythos has no room for violence, Davy Crockett, Audie Murphy, and Creighton Abrams to the contrary.

On April fourth, over one hundred shotgun-toting, pistol-packing policemen cleared Crane High of 3,000 students who had flipped out in the lunchroom and into the streets. The youth of America were socking it to her. You could hear it: "No more lies. No more bullshit. We are men. We are women. We are full and complete and worthy of the first track on the overground railway that runs coaches on a chartered basis." The anniversary of non-violence took place amid the yells, on Jackson Boulevard and Roosevelt Road and Madison Street and at South Shore High and on the Near North Side. The Board allowed memorials up north, but many people have come to realize that there is little difference between north and south.

On April fourteenth, as countless millions of Americans muttered over 1040s and 1040As, Frank Kulak, who had been muttering about soldiers and snipers and wargames for the last few years, went to his porch with a carbine, a pistol, and several bombs. He killed two cops and wounded four others. After his surrender, he confessed to having planted bombs that had killed two people. His reason, as quoted over WBBM radio—"to express horror over war."

But what went unnoticed between the fourth and the fourteenth was the death of a youth. True, it was last year's death, but in its own way it was as important (is any one death more 'important' than any other?) as that of the minister who had his guts and brains splayed all over that second-story terrace. On April 6, 1968 Bobby Hutton was slain outside 1218 28th St. in Oakland, California. Frank Kulak would not have been allowed to surrender if he was black.

We live in a time of metaphors. M. L. King Junior, the epitome of non-violence, who lived just long enough to find his Calvary in Tennessee. "Lil" Bobby Hutton, a former low-rider, a kid like those at Crane 'cept with a bit of ideology and a desire to spell 'NOW' as big as 'FREEDOM,' to skywrite "I am a man. I am not a dumb beast" in the California sky. Bobby Hutton is dead, but black people have gone beyond rating superiority by the amount of pigmentation under someone's skin to relating the struggle for survival in the alleys of Oakland and Harlem and Watts and Hough and Chicago to the struggle of guerrillas in Mozambique and citizens in Peru and Vietnam. Perhaps the memorial to Bobby Hutton is that Panthers now speak of solidarity rather than racism.

Yet it should be obvious that the cops of the world and those who send them on their way (the collective pig, if you pre-



fer), are moving to stop this crossing of the Rubicon. Twenty-one Panthers are arrested in New York for plotting to "terrorize the city," and a liberal judge sets collective bond of \$2.1 million. Bobby Seale, who's immediate error was to spend three hours in Chicago during the convention, is threatened with ten years in prison while Illinois Deputy Chairman Fred Hampton faces twice as long for the great ice cream bar heist during the King Memorial Raffle. Mail comes from the Berkeley office about "Renegade Pig Agents" even as the L.A. Free Press mourns the slaying of Bunchy Carter and Al Huggins by 'cultural nationalists' who think that a dashtiki is the soul component of manhood. Illinois Minister of Defense Bobby Rush is cracked when he and some brothers prevent a sister's rape in Champaign-Urbana, and four other Panthers are arrested by 78 blumen for trying the desperate try to buy guns to protect their people from those hired "to serve and protect."

The people. Black power to black people. White power to white people. Technicolor power to technicolor people. The liberal dream became the nightmare of Lyndon Johnson drawing "we shall overcome" and "come let us reason together" into amplifiers turned up to full volume to gag the Negro scream that became black rage because we whites were too 'offended' by angry rhetoric to see the heavy, hulking truth looming like a Third World behind thick lips and Afroed hair. It is not masochistic to recognize that one group has been paranoid and uptight for 350 years at the expense of another.

In an essay called "The Primeval Mitosis" Eldridge Cleaver sets up a model of an America divided along racial and metaphysical lines. The white man becomes the Omnipotent Administrator while the white woman strive to be the Ultrafeminine; the black man is the Supermasculine Menial, his mate is the Amazon. To be white means to sacrifice one's body; to be black is to have had one's mind lobotomized and cheated by the weapons and technology of the bossman. Cleaver discusses this national schizophrenia, curses it, and then expresses the hope that disaffected white youth can effect "the convalescence."

The night of the Conspiracy's indictment, I went to a rally at the Church of the Epiphany. There were 500 people sitting under the sanctuary of the A-shaped roof, indoors, away from the cruising blue-and-white ghettomobilities riding along Ashland Avenue. 500 people bullshitted with their neighbors until the first speaker, a representative of SDS, took the podium and demonstrated that the rhetoricians have yet to recuperate.

It wasn't that he was wrong. All his words were 'correct,' even if a few were mispronounced as he read them from a pre-paped statement. It was more a question of sadness; the words were the lament of a guy who had lost his body while getting

his rap together. Sitting there, hearing the spiel, watching "racisms" and "genocides" and "imperialisms" ricochet around the room until they lost all meaning, made me want to dance, made me want to register at some school so I could join SDS and propose that the next National Conference be a marathon orgy. I wanted to plead with him, to find a feather and rush on to the stage and tickle him, to somehow turn him on to the joy that he could be if he put his mind and his body to it. I hope for the love of all that must be done and the sake of all the potential worlds that we must activate that he listened to Bobby Seale laugh and saw Fred Hampton smile as they got down and testified and led the congregation in the "I am a revolutionary" prayer and paid compliments to "bad motherfuckers" while speaking logically of massive change and the coming age.

The point of putting down someone that I never saw before is that I agree with Cleaver. I think that he who reads Mao in accord with an occidental prejudgment fails to hear the laughter. I think that he who praises the fall of Batasiain abstract terms may not understand the Castro who plays a mean game of full-court basketball and once tried out for the White Sox. I think that he who speaks of guns while hiding in school (and, once again, it is not this particular speaker that I condemn but the disease that his sterile speech brought to mind) fails to sit with the hundreds of little children as they eat free breakfasts on 37th & Rhodes and the 1500 block of South Pulaski. It is not worth gaining the world at the expense of our collective first and second and third and ninth world souls. Getting it on is about creating an epiphany, a manifestation of vehemence tempered with joy and violence tempered with purpose and compassion. The Young Lord who explained how he and his gang have been radicalized and the Young Patriot who wore a "Free Huey" with a Confederate flag are closer to the essence than those who speak of revolution in hollow tones.

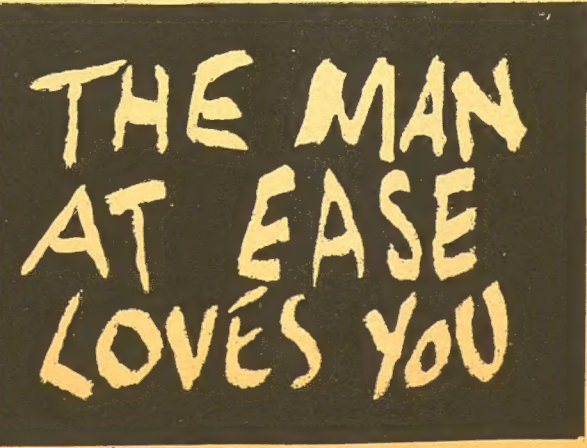
The Panthers are a strange breed of cat, able to mutate into "oxen to be ridden by the people down the path to social revolution." The Panthers are the articulation of a consciousness seething inside black revolutionaries. They are body reunited with mind.

It would be nice if some of our brothers had a bit more soul to go with their analysis. Like Frank Zappa said, "I'm not black, but there are a whole lot of times I wish I wasn't white." All power to the people. Abraham Peck

LAST MINUTE NEWS

On April 15th "40 fat, funky, frantic fanatics" ransacked the offices of the Black Disciples. The raid took place as a result of the recently-announced alliance between the Disciples and the Black Panthers. On the same date, the Minister of Health of the Illinois Panthers advised this paper that a third free breakfast-for-children center was being set up at 1400 N. Cleveland Avenue. Anyone able to aid this program should call Ron Satchel at 243-8276.

The Young Lords Organization is in need of a talented revolutionary. If you are or have knowledge of a person with experience in the fields of play-writing, acting, and directing, and speaks and writes Spanish, you can help off the monstor. CONTACT: Jose, Minister of Culture, at 348-6842.



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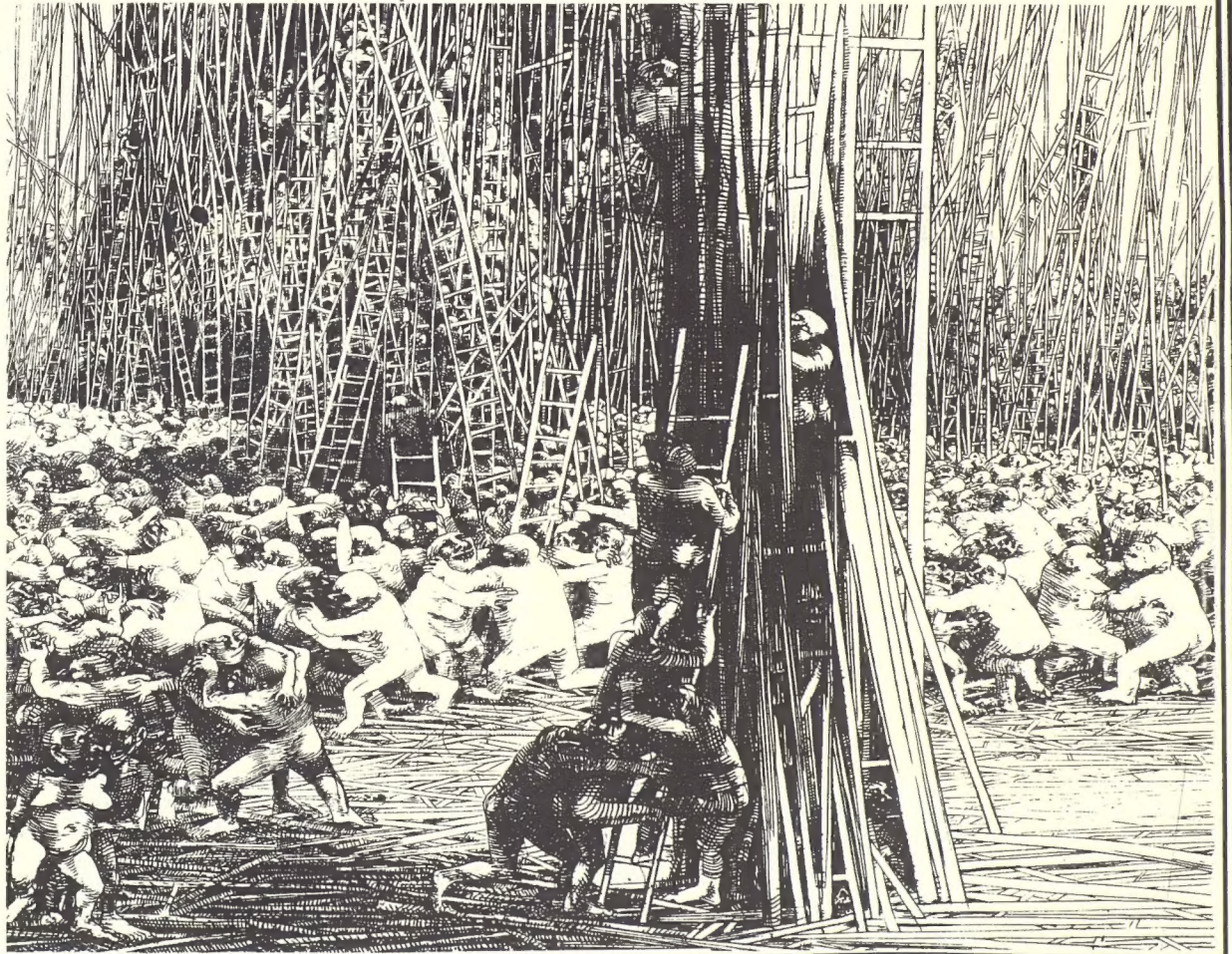
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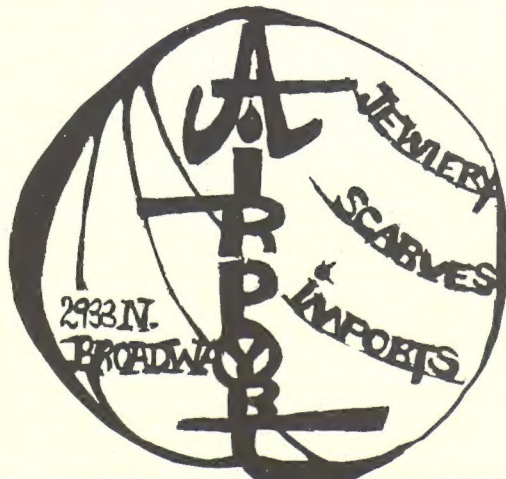
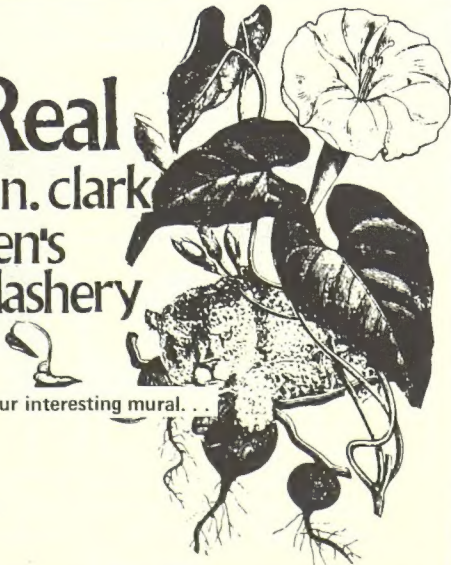
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Che!



One of the hard-ass posters you see wherever student revolutionaries bed down for the night has a picture of Che Guevara and the caption, "In Revolution One Wins Or Dies." Che looks intense, staring off into the future. He looks like the kind of guy a coed at the U of C or Sarah Lawrence would call "interesting." You know, Che, the exchange student from Argentina, the guy who wears a beret and wants to go to med school even though (or maybe because) he has asthma.

Dear Warren,

Just a short note to thank you for the wonderful time you showed me when I visited you and old New York last month. I had a wonderful time except for one thing, and I'm writing to you for information and an opinion.

Warren, the night you went to see your friend Suzanne, I wandered down to the Village to find out more about this new art that Life keeps writing about. I saw a play that just turned my stomach.

"Che" ran for but a single night. It closed not because it was bad (how does one judge such a production?) but because it was obscene.

Now I'm well aware of your feelings about civil liberties, so I hope that you'll bear with me while I justify my position. First of all, the play was written by one of those underground poet types, a guy named Lenox Raphael. Maybe you can get some idea of just how slimy the play is when I clue you in to his regular job—he writes for the East Village Other. In addition, he's a black from Trinidad, and we all know what runs through the heads of those guys as they tally de bananas and dance the limbo. (sorry)

The play previewed on March 22nd (the performance that I went to) at a place called the Free Store Theater, a real Leftie hangout. All the sex-crazed Commies came out of the woodwork for this one—Jerry Rubin and Krassner and Sanders (no mean pornographers themselves). They were sitting around the stage (I really hate to make allegations but it was that kind of an evening—I couldn't see their hands) when I walked "The President" in a red, white, and blue top hat and sash and a Mr. Mayfang (who is a woman), clothed in a jumpsuit and dildo ensemble that didn't come off the rack from Macy's.

You wouldn't believe that human beings could do in public the things that the creeps who played the President and Mayfang and a Sister of Mercy and Che and—mercy me, Our Lord Himself—did in front of all the people who paid \$5 and \$10 to be entertained. Some people laughed, a few were revolted enough to leave, but most (I'm unhappy to relate) just looked and looked and looked (and goddammit, I can't really say where they had their hands).

Needless to say, everyone was arrested on opening night, two days after the preview. The police had the good sense to reject the argument that it was one of these intellectual evenings at the theater. They were outraged not only by the public indecency but by the metaphor that people fucking each other in the ass is the same as what America does to the rest of the world and that having people copulate on the stage is a revolutionary way of dealing with the idea of revolution. I can still remember when I used to make love with my ex. We never thought about garbage like Revolution.

It's difficult to consider the play on rational grounds. The dialog was so much wet-dreaming put in so all the beatniks and hippies and yuppies can pretend to be smarter than normal people who don't take LSD. None of the characters gave each other straight answers, yet they expected people to sit there and think, "Aha! Another example of the lack of communication that plagues modern man or some such nonsense. This Raphael must actually believe all that Freudian drivel about sex and civilization. Why else would he create a Che who stubs his way to the top (as if any President of this great nation could love a man with a beard)?

Would you please be good enough to respond, telling me your views and those of the New York press? My personal opinion is that it was proper that opening night was closing night.

Yours truly,
Ron

There's a Simon and Garfunkel record playing and the daughter of a technocrat is writhing under the supple body of a dirty black longhair hillbilly Puerto Rican greaser leftist. The poster looks down on the pulsing pair, and one of the eyes closes and re-opens as the beret tips in salute. Che must have been a hell of a ball. He hated napalm.

TALK ABOUT YOUR REVOLUTION

Driving around the city I idly press buttons from Big Ten to 89 and back to the Men from Ten. What else to do while driving than listen to the radio? One day, while barreling down LaSalle street. I happened to wonder who decides what music is played, and how they decide it. I decided to do my reporter thing, research the matter, and write it up for the Seed.

I went to see a record producer, who told me about ratings wars between WLS and WCFL, different programming formats, and station policies. He also told me about a certain Chicago disk jockey who has the habit of screwing people right and left. For example, this jock emcees high school dances with local groups, and then keeps the money that is supposed to go to the band—maybe two or three hundred dollars a night. If the group bitches, their records don't get played on his station. This deejay, a major power at his station, is not known for giving exposure to local groups—with one exception. It happens that the jock has been known to take money from the exception's manager.

I kept on talking to Chicago music people, and kept on getting bitches about Mr. Nasty Deejay. He has been responsible for the firing of honest jocks on his station. He has cheated other groups out of dance money. In return, his colleagues detest him, promotion men hate him, and groups are afraid of him. The guy is a definite bum.

I took my notes back to the office, put them together, and had a thought; this is pretty heavy stuff, Seed could get hit with a libel suit. I called a lawyer, and was told that we might be sued but we'd win in court if we had signed statements from the people who gave me the information.

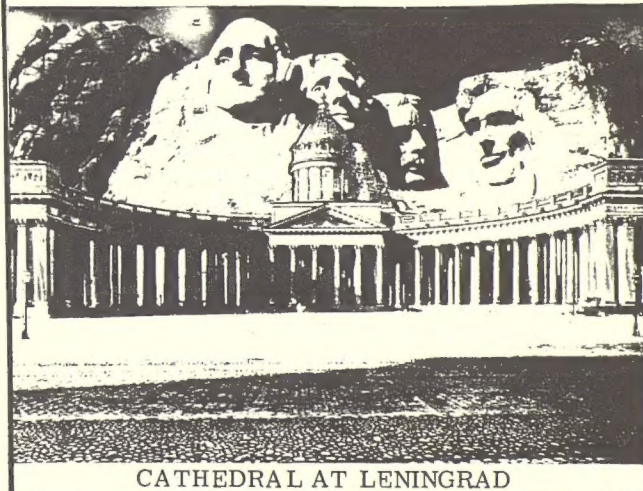
So I called back the producer, who said he couldn't sign a statement. He'd be run out of the music business, he said, if he brought this kind of heat down on the station. Another source, although he wanted "to punch Mr. X in the nose," also refused to back up what he'd told me. He'd get his record company in trouble. How about the groups Mr. X has cheated out of gig money, I asked? I was told that they too would not sign statements, for if they did, they might never have their records played on the air again—anywhere.

Everyone was afraid of creating an explosion. The producer sketched a wild scenario culminating in Congressional investigations of payola in radio and a scandal that would taint the entire industry. While this seems a little far-fetched, it might happen, and if it did, the people responsible for causing the fuss would be ostracized from the music industry.

These people sat across their desks and rapped out their anger. "He's a crook," "He's a cheat," "He's got to go," "He's evil". But they're all too tied up in their money-security thing, too strung out on their careers, to do any more than complain and bite their tongues.

What I like about the music business is that it acts on its beliefs.

Mike Abrahams



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HOW TO COMMIT REVOLUTION



(Editor's note: This is the second half of the revised text of a speech given to the Student Strike Rally at U.C. Santa Cruz on April 28. Domhoff, author of *Who Rules America* and a professor at Santa Cruz, described himself as "just a consultant to some group of citizens" within the community that feels a need to call upon its tax-supported knowledge factory to give advice on a particular activity or undertaking."

Now to a program for taking the reins of government from the power elite in order to carry out the plan developed by revolutionary visionaries. It is on this point that we are likely to find the most disagreement, the most confusion, the most uncertainty, and the most fear.

But I think you do have something very important to go on--the ideas and experiences and successes of the Civil Rights and New Left and Hippie movements of the past several years. If they have not given you an analysis of corporate capitalism or a set of blueprints, which is their weakness, they have given you the incredibly precious gift of new forms of struggle and new methods of reaching people; and these gifts must be generalized, articulated, and more fully developed.

I have a general term, borrowed from a radical hippie, that I like to use because it so beautifully encompasses what these movements have given to you--psychic guerrilla warfare--the "psychic" part appealing to my psychologist instincts and summarizing all the hard-hitting nonviolent methods, the "guerrilla warfare" part hopefully giving to those who want to take to the hills some satisfaction, so that they will stick around and participate in the only type of guerrilla warfare likely to work in corporate America.

For make no mistake about it, psychic guerrilla warfare is a powerful weapon in a well-educated, sedate, highly industrialized country that has a tradition of liberal values and democratic political processes.

And it is the kind of guerrilla warfare that America's great new acting-out girls can indulge in on an equal basis with any male anywhere. It is the confrontation politics of the New Left--teach-ins, marches, mill-ins, sit-ins, push-ins, love-ins, folk-rocks, be-ins. It is the nonviolent, religiously-based, democratically-inspired confrontation morality of Martin Luther King, and it is the unfailing good humor, psychological analysis, and flower power of the Hippie. Together they are dynamite.

ROLE OF VIOLENCE

Before I suggest how and where to lay this psychological dynamite, I know I must force myself to say a few words concerning what you are wondering about most, the role of violence. The words aren't easy for me to say, a look at history makes the ground shaky under me, and many will secretly or openly assume that this is cowardly rationalization by an academic.

Despite all this, I reject the lesson of history by claiming that the situation is different in this over-industrialized, sedate country: I don't think violence will work in corporate America, 1969 I don't believe in non-violence as a way of life as some people do, so I don't argue from any philosophic base. I have never been adverse to violence or denied its necessity in past revolutions.

No, I'm just afraid violence is not a winning strategy in corporate America, and a winning strategy is the primary concern of the revolutionary consultant.

This doubt about the usefulness of violence in corporate America was also the opinion of one of the greatest violent revolutionists of all time, certainly a man who stands as tall in my gallery of revolutionary heroes as any man.

I refer to Che. Indeed, it is almost a tragedy that those who love and admire Che and at the same time dream of physical guerrilla warfare in the U.S.A., should overlook his very first premise for it—people take to physical guerrilla warfare only when they have lost all hope of nonviolent solutions. Che is said to have had laughed long and hard when asked about the possibility of guerrilla warfare in this country. He too apparently believed that what works in the maldeveloped, exploited hinterland does not necessarily apply to the overdeveloped, affluent capitalist center.

SYSTEM MUST BE TESTED

Americans have not lost their hope. Furthermore, they are not likely to lose it by any of the means currently being used to escalate physical confrontations; for such confrontations do not "expose" the most fundamental aspects of the political system.

The only way people would lose their faith in the political system, if they are capable of losing it at all, is in a full and open and honest test of its promise.

And if you argue that people won't listen, that they haven't listened in the past few years, then I say it's because you haven't yet brought to them an analysis that rings true enough, that you haven't yet hit them with a program that is exciting enough, and that you haven't yet provided them with a plan of attack that is believable to be worth trying.

I say you really haven't turned on with all your intellectual and libidinal resources, that you haven't given them your best shot. What you have done so far is great, but it is only a prelude. You've got to escalate your incredulity, your audacity, your cleverness, and your playfulness, not your physical encounters, if you are to break through the American malaise.

Enough of such moralizing and breast-beating. Back to psychic guerrilla warfare. How do you direct this dynamite to its task of destroying the ideological cover of the corporate rich?

First, you start a new political party, a wide-open, locally-based political party dedicated to the development of blueprints for a post-industrial America and to the implementation of them through psychic guerrilla warfare. It should be a party open to anyone prepared to abandon all other political affiliations and beliefs—in other words, it would not be Anti-This-Or-That coalition of liberal Democrats, Communists, Trotskyists, and Maoists.

In fact, ignore those groups. The best members will drop out and join yours. For the rest, they have no constituencies and would soon fall to fighting the Old Fights among themselves anyway—Communists and Anti-Communists, Pro-Soviet and Anti-Soviet, and On and On ad nauseum.

No, you don't need that—it would destroy you like it destroyed them. Indeed, they need you, for if you get something going the party would be big enough for all of them to work in without seeing each other or having to defend the Old Faiths.

Before I go on, let me pause to make some things clear. Lenin was great. So was Trotsky. So were Eugene Debs and Thomas Paine, and so are Mao and Fidel, but they have nothing to teach you except guts and perseverance because your situation is different. Honor them for their courage and their example, but most of all, for their ability to let go of sacred texts and do what was necessary in their given society even when it contradicted received doctrine (as it always did).

YOUR OWN CHE

If they could forget the sacred texts of their masters, why can't you go beyond theirs? You need your own Lenins, not theirs; your own Ches, not theirs. and I suspect they will be as different as the first is from the second.

So what does your party do besides present a constant withering critique of corporate capitalism and build blueprints of a post-industrial America? It practices all forms of psychic guerrilla warfare whenever there is a possible convert. Eventually, and on the right occasions, it even enters elections, not to win votes at first, but to win converts. In making its pitch, it doesn't ask men and women to quit their jobs or take to the hills, but rather it asks them to commit their allegiances to new socioeconomic arrangements, to help develop new social and intellectual institutions, to financially support the growth of the party, to read party-oriented newspapers, to convert and neutralize friends and neighbors, and even to stand firm if the corporate rich try something funny.

NEUTRALIZE THE ARMY

But what about the military, you ask? Everyone knows that any serious revolution must not only isolate the ruling social class and eliminate its economic base, but it must do away with the army that is its ultimate instrument. How is that possible in America? By keeping it a civilian, draftee army and by infiltrating its officer ranks. As long as the American army is not a standing, professional army, as long as it is made up of mostly civilians recruits serving short terms, then you have control of that army to the degree that you have the loyalty of the majority of citizens.

However, to ensure leadership, at a certain point it would become necessary for party members to sacrifice themselves, not by avoiding the draft, but by joining the ranks of military officers. If that sounds like a very great sacrifice, I agree, but perhaps it will appeal to those among you who like undercover games.

Let me be sure I am being clear. Now is not the time to begin infiltrating the army, but at some point along the line that would become a prime task. The only task of such infiltrators would be to make sure that the corporate rich could never turn military firepower on the nonviolent revolution.

They would do this by advocating one thing and one thing only—the subservience of the military to civilian government, the refusal to take sides in an internal political controversy. In so doing they would be indistinguishable from non-party members within the military who truly accepted this tradition. It may be that there are many of those, but that should not be counted on.

WHO ARE CONSTITUENTS?

Now who does this party address itself to as its agitators and organizers drive around in open-air trucks, complete with folk rock bands, shouting out their message and distributing their handbills in every town, county fair, ghetto, and shopping center in the country? What is its potential constituency?

The answer is first of all a very general one, but this very generality frees American revolutionaries from trying to duplicate the past or fit into theoretical molds.

You should direct yourself to anyone disgusted with the present system and assume that your potential constituency is everyone not wrapped up in the power elite.

This even includes sons and daughters of the corporate rich who have seen enough and want out—and they've always been there in small numbers on the American Left and Right anyhow, so why pretend differently?

I suggest as follows: the initial base is, as C. Wright Mills said, radical intellectuals and students. The intellectuals have got to start talking like Gene Debs and Malcolm X. They have got to blast out of the classroom and clinic like Mills and Benjamin Spock, carrying their revolutionary consultation services to every group in the country that will send them an airplane fare or bus ticket.

What with the protection of tenure and the right of academic freedom, and with lots of universities opening up in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, professors are the least vulnerable group in American society. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for not raising a hundred times more ruckus than they are now.

These professors and their students also have to continue work on the analysis, and begin involving people in their local community to work on the blueprints. They should form small study-action groups in every university, college and junior college town in the country.

YOUTH IS MOST VITAL

These small study-action groups have to prepare themselves for a psychic blitz of their most important constituency. That constituency is simply called youth—blue collar, white collar, black skin, who cares? They are pouring out of schools like crazy, affluence has made them somewhat independent and hang-loose, many of them don't communicate with their parents, and they're going to be a majority in a very few years.

Catch them in those years when they are sociologically part of a unique subculture and psychologically looking for something moral and true and meaningful for their lives, and sock it to them with analyses and programs that will make them as wise to the slick McCarthys, Kennedys, and Rockefelleres as they are to the Rusks, Johnsons, and Nixons.

If you don't get them the first time around, at least they have something to chew over when they get out there in the boredom of being a clerk-typist, or probation officer, or real estate salesman. I know that right now an amazing number of the young are enamored of the integrity and professorial cool of Eugene McCarthy, but that's all he's got. With no program but a little more of the same, wedded to corporation capitalism, and committed to a party with a reactionary Southern wing and a fistful of New York investment bankers, his time is going to run out if he can't produce.

Young people react to the put-on, they hate to be fooled or talked down to or panicked to, and some day they will have had enough—they will remember Humphrey's sell-out, if you are there to remind them; they will remember Johnson's campaign fibs about his plans for Vietnam, if you never let them forget it; and they will start looking around again.

After youth, the early appeals of the party must be to the disaffected teachers, librarians, nurses, and bureaucrats of the white collar class. They are the ones hit by inflation and hurt by the limitations on government spending, not the unionizing blue-collar workers with their built-in cost-of-living raises. And besides, you've got something immediate for them—thanks to the Hippies, you can teach them how to be happy. Happy? Yes happy.

Get your Hippie friends out of the woods, put a light trim on their beards and hairdos, and start them to work on the poor, wasted paper pushers and people manipulators. I'm serious. They can be had. They're going nowhere. They're restless, and their rage shows how jealous they really are. Their kids—using flower power and psychic guerrilla warfare—can cajole them.

After all, these people raised the turned-on kids. Their emptiness and searching is reflected in their children, who have to resort to modern-day ambrosias and Eastern mystical religions to overcome their boredom. If the kids can be had, the parents can be had, if you handle them with psychological bribery and good-humored taunts rather than threats and insults.

APPROACH THE NEW RIGHT

As I've implied throughout, an effort has to be made toward those on the Right. I'm under no illusions about the difficulties of this, but I insist that it is necessary to dismiss talk about racism and fascism on the Right: all white Americans are racists, and parts of the blue collar world are probably worse than the Right. As to fascism, if we get a European-style dictatorship in this country, it will probably be more like France anyway, and it will be instituted by the corporate rich presently in power in order to get around their difficulties with Congress and local governments.

So forget all this talk about fascism, which has scared American revolutionaries into the laps of the liberals almost as well as the cry of Communism has scared the Right into the arms of the corporate rich. Old Left and liberal talk about fascism amounts to their fear of angering the corporate masters to the point where they call on their supposed Right-wing shock troops;

See if you can make contact with those people on the New Right, who really have no place to go because there is no turning back now that the huge corporations have destroyed individual capitalism. Of course they don't share your program, but they do share your view of the power structure and your desire for more individuality and local autonomy.

On dealing with the New Right, it is essential to respect individuality and personality. Neither Left nor Right really does this despite their rhetoric. A revolution must transcend personality and respect individuality if it is to get to its task of reaching large masses of people. In fact, personal diversity will be an asset in getting the attention of all types of people. Different religions, different styles and different hair arrangements must be de-emphasized (not changed) and consciously subordinated by self-analysis and devotion to the common goal through the mechanism of the blueprints.

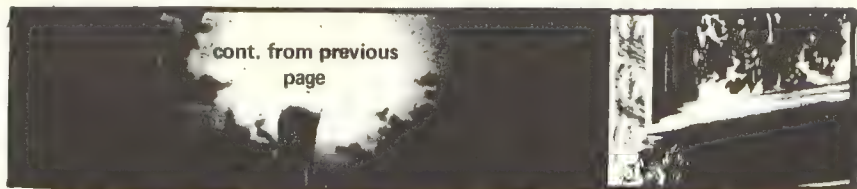
The enemy is corporate capitalism, not religion, personality structure, or type of oral indulgent—pot on the Left, alcohol on the Right—used to lessen anxiety and dispel depression.

LEAVE BLACKS ALONE

Why haven't I mentioned black people until now? Aren't they important? Am I just another Whitey who doesn't care about the black man? Not at all? I suggest that you do what the black man has told you to: let him do his own thing and you get to work building a party that can unite with him some day far off down the road after you've overcome your racism and he's made up his mind about where he's going and with whom. For now the black man is right—you've got nothing to tell him, and he's got to go it on his own in order to win his manhood. Nobody has ever been given anything worth while. Finally some black men are learning that freeing fact.

Of course black people should be welcome in your party, as should anyone who shares your beliefs, but I suspect it will be a while before many will be along.

following on the continued page.....



One group is going to go a separate and/or violent route. They have had enough and they will have to see some fine action from a revolutionary party before they are going to buy any dreams and hopes again. I don't blame them. I for one will never get uppity or moralistic if some blacks decide to bring the whole mess to the ground. I understand their rage. I feel their rage.

But despite my sympathy I don't mistake the catharsis of wrecking the system for changing it. Revolutionary movements grow more slowly and have positive goals. I hope you can show these black radicals something so they'll work with you, because the ones I've watched have the juice to turn the masses on like nothing I've ever seen. Malcolm X was the finest American agitator since Eugene Debs, and a revolutionary party would need a hundred more like him.

Then there's another group of blacks who are committed to non-violence but who think John F. Kennedy freed them! Imagine. Like the Socialists of the Old Left, their hangup is a faith in the Democratic Party that knows no bounds, through thick and thin, Raw Deal and Screw Deal. Pictures of JFK abound in their homes. The tragic thing about this group is that they don't know they freed themselves—they pushed the smooth-talking young conservative to the wall before he would make a move.

These people don't know their own power. Nor do they understand the limitations of the present socio-economic system; they are still hoping it will assimilate them economically. Apparently their faith in God and American democracy even includes corporation capitalism. Many even refuse to talk about the Vietnam war, hoping that their white masters will give them a little more if they keep their traps shut about the repression of other colored peoples.

BLUE COLLAR WORKERS

What about blue collar workers? First, create a party they have to react to. And don't waste time trying to control or shape unions, which are conservative bureaucratic institutions these days, rightfully looking out for the working man in day-to-day battles with the corporate leaders. Confront these people at home, at school, and at play, and get them involved in the party and its activities. In short, don't get caught in Old Left fixations.

Now I know there are many thousands of dedicated and far-seeing blue collar workers who would be with you from the start, heart and soul, sweat and tears. But don't get the idea that any great percentage of organized labor will be willing to leave the Democratic Party. Right now they have it relatively good—as long as they are working, or have cost-of-living raises built into their contracts as checks against inflations. But no matter how nicely some of the corporate rich treat blue collar workers in wartime, don't worry, because there is no question about where the blue collar masses would be in a showdown if you have done your homework carefully.

FORCE A CHOICE

Let's assume that the party is not snuffed out in its early stage and that it grows. Then the power elite is in a bind; they will have to compete with it, which means a move toward the Welfare State, or, failing that, they would have to repress it, which would be the great watershed for American liberals, liberalism, and democracy.

If you are nonviolent, open, of all religions, and not tied to a foreign power, they would be destroying America to move on you. Liberals would have no choice but to join the fight on your side or admit that socioeconomic privileges are more basic than political institutions and values; some might even be annoyed enough to join you in air-conditioned, music-equipped prison cells that the corporate rich are likely to provide. More generally, at that point the masses of people in America would have to draw their own conclusions about what is to be done.

Your job is to force them to make that choice between democracy and corporation feudalism by taking the system on its promise and testing it to its limits. Either way, you win—a democratic, non-violent takeover or proof to all that when it gets down to the nitty-gritty, even in America, the only way to power is through the barrel of a gun.

HOW TO BEGIN

To conclude, let me outline what you should do today and tomorrow if you are revolutionaries. First, start a chapter of the future revolutionary party. Call it, say, the American Revolutionary Party, so as to make your intention clear from the start.

Then, to set the sort of tone you want for the thing, print up a membership card, something like, "I, the undersigned, am a card-carrying member of the American Revolutionary Party, dedicated to replacing corporation capitalism with a post-industrial America through psychic guerrilla warfare."

Then start a chapter newsletter in which you invite people to discuss and develop blueprints for your local area—for running its schools, its beaches, its universities, its utilities, and its factories. Send particularly good ideas and articles, especially those relevant to the national level or other cities, to the editorial staff of the national party journal.

At the same time, begin to hold classes in which you teach about the nature of corporation capitalism and discuss blueprints for a post-industrial America. Such educational efforts are a must, one of the best lessons to be learned from the Old Left, and they are a start of the parallel educational structure that each local chapter should strive to develop.

As soon as you have enough people in the chapter who are dedicated and know what it's all about, then you look for opportunities to reach larger numbers of people through confrontation politics—marches, rallies, sit-ins, whatever, but always including explicit mention of the party and its goals.

If there is a local bond issue asking for higher property taxes to support the schools, then that's the time to show in detail how the corporate rich distort the tax structure and force the burden on the middle levels, even to the point of bribing the tax assessors in some cities. Agree with the New Right that taxes are killing them and tell them why, agree with the liberals on the need for better schools and show them how they would be in a post-industrial America.

If the issue is an increase in the gasoline tax, then maybe that's the time to shock conservatives about the price of manipulations and tax dodges by the pious oil companies who help finance the New Right.

In short, armed with a real understanding of the present system and the beginnings of plans for a better one, you use every occasion possible to get people's attention and gain converts.

UNIVERSITY NOT THE KEY

If you bother to go on campus for other than speeches to interested student groups, use picketing not to stop recruiters or Dow Chemical agents but to educate and convert more students and professors. Aside from exposing the complicity of leading universities and research institutions in the machinations of the corporate rich (which ranges from CIA involvement at MIT and Michigan State to overseas economic front men at Stanford Research Institute), your main concern is elsewhere.

The university is not the key structure in the system, and just exposing its uglier aspects is enough to get you a careful hearing from most students, and even some professors.

The advice about dealing with the universities is part of a larger strategy: ignore the corporate rich and their tag-alongs. You have no criticisms or suggestions to offer them. There is nothing they can do to satisfy you, short of joining your party. Don't try to change them and their politics. Leave that for liberals.

Talk to people, don't debate with the power structure.

Now, once the party exists and has distinct identity, you can of course support just causes. You are for anything that makes peoples' lives better. The important thing is to show that you are for these causes without getting so caught up in them that you can't see the forest for the trees. Don't get sidetracked.

Once you have a good-sized local chapter, then add "politics" to your other activities. This consists of developing parallel governments and councils (like shadow cabinets) ready to step in if and when, and of running for legislative offices in the hopes of winning and thus gaining a better platform from which to reach the people.

LOOSE NATIONAL STRUCTURE

But action would not take place only on the local level. All the while, the many locals would be in contact through social (not, ugh, business) meetings at regional and national levels. Then too, they would contribute representatives and ideas and money to a loose national party structure which would consist mostly, at the outset, of the editorial staff of the nationwide journal and the organizers, agitators, and revolutionary consultants who would travel around the country helping to organize and strengthen locals.

Every chapter would contribute a few members to this national-level effort each year, thus ensuring that a great many members from all over the country get national experience and perspective. This not only cross-fertilizes the locals and helps maintain an overall outlook, but it provides some basis for the selection of candidates for national offices.

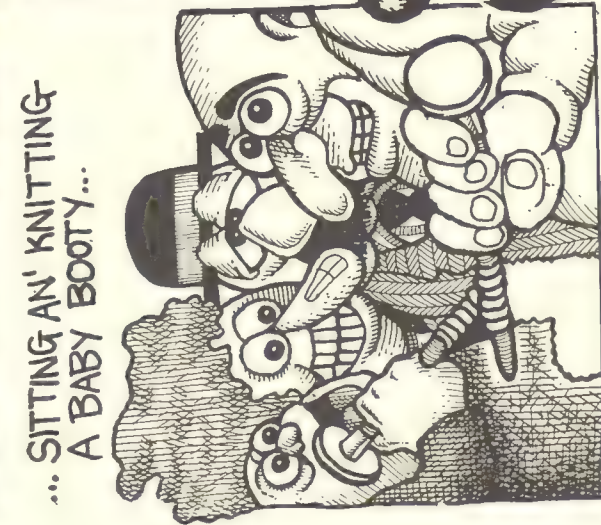
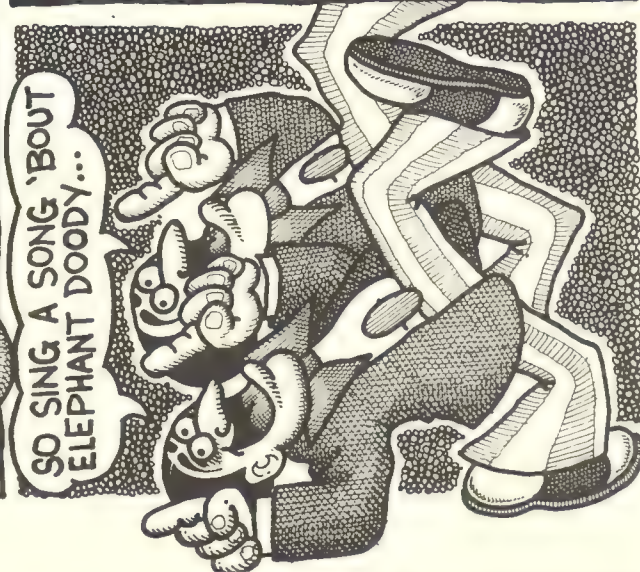
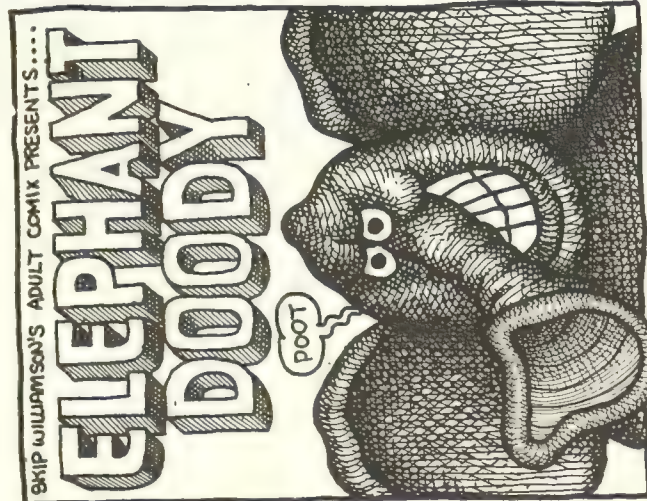
During the summer the national organization would also coordinate the Student Organizing Teams who would in groups of 20-30 spend several weeks in every hamlet in the country carry the message of the party to the hinterlands. The groups would be made up of those with an empathy for and knowledge of rural America, including return-to-the-land type of Hippies.

Their goal would be to develop a chapter, however small, in any settlement or town where people would listen. And listen they might, for the descendants of those people who became Populists in the 1890's and took potshots at local bankers and judges in the 1930's are being had once again by the corporate oligarchy.

What do you do next? What do you do if the infiltration of the army is not very far along and the corporate rich attempt to suppress your fast-growing movement? Well, you can't expect to anticipate everything.

If your analysis is sound, if your blueprints are appealing, and if your psychic guerrilla warfare has blown the minds and ideological cover of the power elite, then you are part of the most exciting, inspiring, and creative thing in human history: an unstoppable mass movement that can take care of itself. Masses in action, armed with ideas and moral fervor, cannot be beaten. The real problem for you, then, is not how to end. The real problem is how to begin. And good luck.





SKIP WILLIAMSON

UP YOUR CHARTS

MOOG
The Electric Eclectics of
Dick Hyman
(Command 938 6)
The first pop album from the Moog Synthesizer.

Command **abc RECORDS**

...records with that good, good feeling.
Mystic Number National Bank
(Probe 4501 S)
Appearing: Grande Ballroom, Detroit April 11-13
Kinetic Playground, Chicago April 18-20

probe **abc RECORDS**

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THE PORTNOY VARIATIONS

Sitting next to me on TWA Blue Chip Flight 334 is a Jewish college student. He looks like a nice boy. His hair hasn't been combed, but is kept at a not too unsightly length. It sticks out like a porcupine. It is neither short nor long, fancy nor wild. He will probably get a haircut when he reaches home.

His clothes look like his mother picked them out, a brownish sweater, an ochre shirt, and grey trousers (never "pants"). He finishes everything on his tray; no left-over vegetables. He drinks two big cups of milk.

We are flying over the Near North Side, Rogers Park, Skokie. There's a fire down on Touhy Avenue, but the real question is how many Jewish boychicks watching are wearing clothes selected by their mothers? Sheldons, Seymours, and Marvins reliving that great moment in history—the trying on of the new trousers, with mom asking the smiling salesman whether or not there is enough room in the crotch as she tugs at the inseam.

Sheldon drops his salad dressing, and it splatters on the carpet. In fear of his life, he kicks the glop under his seat, no, under the seat in front of him. The mother/stewardess will never catch him!

He refuses a cigarette I offer him, he fumbles when I leave my seat to go to the john. I feel so superior to Sheldon, but one day he will evict me from my squalid apartment for nonpayment of rent. Tonight is the first night of Passover. I'm going home.

II

The average novel sells approximately two to three thousand copies. Ten thousand hardcover sales make it a best seller. Random House put sales of Portnoy's Complaint at 275,000 books two days after being published. The first printing run was 450,000.

(I have the nagging suspicion that nearly all the readers are Jews. Young middle class intellectual mother with family at Central or Lincoln Park be-in-with arms folded around copy of book.) The book has become less a novel than a checklist of the Urban Jewish environment. I read the book and mentally checked off things like the "softball game" and "the trip to the mountains" and "what-to-do-with-the-name (Porte-noire)." Got it, got it, didn't get it, got it... a how to grow up in a Jewish neighborhood riff. Roth even did a number on "The Diaspora Jew Goes To Eretz Yisroel."

The book has nothing to do with what the reviewers say. Plimpton writes about the genre of "Jewish novel" but would never admit to the existence of an "Upper East Side Fag" mode. Kingsley Amis, who is the Wasp Alexander Portnoy, says that the book is, like all Jewish jokes, unfunny at best. They don't understand that the most important aspect of the book is that it is not Jewish. Portnoy goes to Israel and meets Jews who are not good

boys, Jews who are Wasps... His condition is still not Jewish. He can't fuck, because suddenly all the shit his mother put him through—his entire Jewish life—is exposed as having nothing to do with being a salt-of-the-earth Semite. Tourist buses filled with Haddassah ladies are dumbfounded when the ignorant and even hostile Israelis don't understand their "Jewish." Jews eat chicken soup and bagels and have brilliant children who are "good" and become successful, yet here are Jews(?) who eat falafel and go to vocational schools and become greasy hustlers on Tel Aviv street corners and beggars or (worse!) laborers. Suddenly being Jewish in Chicago or the Bronx or Miami has nothing to do with being Jewish. Roth has written a book about a minority group and the repercussions of living in a majority culture. Jews don't fight (at least not physically), yet look at those tall, muscled boys and girls in Israeli army uniforms.

Portnoy has been twisted; twisted by his parents, twisted by their world, a world created because they were Jewish (don't eat lobster or masturbate) and the "real world" was Wasp. "They" were Alton Christian Peterson and Margaret O'Brian, who went horseback riding while our neurotic hero's father plodded on, draining "schvartzes" of their ghetto change so he—no, so his son—could rise into the very society that he hated. Poor people in minority cultures go crazy trying to assimilate while retaining some facet of their identity. The result is something called "being Jewish" or "being black" or "being X" which has nothing to do with "being," "Jewish," "black," or "X"—yet the person who is worried about being any of these things is also concerned about acceptance by the dominant Wasp culture. That's what reform Judaism is about: ladies can wear veils and there can be organ music and the whole sterile, soulless zero is called "bring the religion into the 20th century." The reform Jewish ideal is to instill the ideal of Jewishness upon the young in the atmosphere of a Marshalltown, Iowa church. Pour the chicken soup into the melting pot.

Portnoy doesn't know what "being Jewish" means. Diaspora Jews have invented going to college, gefulte fish, and those kind of mothers. They may or may not be any such thing as being any of these things, but the Israelis reason that makes no difference, since: (1) some other people believe that "being Jewish" means something and the Jews had better remain strong or else they will be destroyed and (2) "being Jewish" is meaningless unless Jews have a homeland to be Jewish in. In other words, you can't act like whatever you are in somebody else's culture.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEESE, by Christopher Cerf. Doubleday & Co., N.Y., 1968, \$4.95 (expensive).

The World's largest cheese, according to THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEESE, weighed seventeen-and-a-half tons, which is a lot more impressive than Eli Griba's 1962 won-lost record (eight and nine) or the size of Mrs. Sam Angello's Amaryllis (that's a flower, son, 34 inches of flower). The World's Largest Cheese used to be transported in a Cheesemobile refrigerated by the Transicold Corp., and you can bet that all the merinos standing there alongside the hippopotamus highway (which is nowhere near the Prairie du Chien Museum of American Athletes With Vowels Missing From Their Names) applauded as it trucked on down the road.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEESE is a book. I know this to be true ("deep in my heart, I do believe...") because the card attached to the outside jacket is headed "Book For Review." Would Doubleday & Company lie? But Christopher Cerf, the author of the book (who happens to work for Random House, which is owned by America's third largest defense contractor), and is too dumb to sign a house talent, has a better word than "book". He calls it "an indulgence", a good phrase for a book (oops...) that skips through the Valley of Probate to The Great Italian Waiters' Convention at Yellowstone Park and thence to The Cradle Tomb at Westminster (making a brief washroom stop at the Prairie du Chien Museum of American Athletes With Vowels Missing From Their Names).

It's not a big pompous tuba of a book; it's more like a strange kind of oboe—shrill, but with the forcefulness and unity of the epic literary device (the wa-wa pedal of print) known as the Cow Cycle. You won't believe it now, but the Cow Cycle

Cow Cycle flops everything together. Isn't that wonderful?

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CHEESE is a funny crazy book written by a guy who used to edit the "Harvard Lampoon". I would have told you about it sooner, but the guys at the Billy Graham Pavillion kept it for five months. Since you may not be able to rush down to your neighborhood bookstore and get a copy, let me ease the suspense—The World's Largest Cheese weighed 34,591 pounds, and was fashioned from the milk of 16,000 cows by farmers in the area of Denmark, Wisconsin.

Abe Peck

NOG

Nog is a novel by Rudolph Wurlitzer.
Nog blew my mind.
Nog is a book which my limited facilities
will not allow to be intellectualized.
Nog is a knockout.

I have felt this way before.
Like after reading Notes From the Underground.
And The Magic Christian.
And Steppenwolfe.
And Waiting For Godot.

Nog is a novel by Rudolph Wurlitzer.
It is published by Random House.

A novel by Rudolph Wurlitzer.
Nog.

Marshall Rosenthal

TRIP?
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\$230rt.  BOX
"Y" Seed

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WAYNE V. PERRY



A Mother's Love
or:
Portnoy's Reward

There must be time left in the day for ga-ga, Nathan. Don't be so serious all the time! Can't you spare a minute away from those books? A split-second away from your valuable petzl? A regular Albert Einstein, g'vorn!

Nathan, have a little fun sometimes. Find a boy to love you! Listen, a little diddling in your little dung-hole wouldn't be so bad! It'll make a man outta you, my Nathan.

All day long, your nose in a book, your hand in your pants. C'mere, I'll give you a hand if it'd do some good. But no, not you Nathan, never have you shown an ounce of gratefulness for your mother's sacrifice. Not once an inch of gratitude!


So g'wan, be a sissy. Read your filthy law books.
See if I give a fuck!

Prof. L.R. Fitz



WAKOWSKI: George Washington Poems
BUKOWSKI: At Terror Street
ZEN MACROBIOTIC COOKING
HOFFMAN: Revolution For The Hell Of It

THE SKALD
1545 N. Wells
Old Town



That Hair Shoppe

... we also have a wide selection of beards, moustaches and goatees ...

Piper's Alley Old Town

MOVEMENT KEEPS MOVING

Vietnam In Your Own Backyard

Eighty GI's have escaped from the stockade in Fort Carson, Colorado. When they lit out they took a number of M-16s and thousands of rounds of ammunition, are are holed up somewhere in the Rockies, preparing a little Vietnam here at home. The Army as yet has not taken any action.

Appeal Filed For Texas Political Prisoner

Lee Otis Johnson, a student at Texas Southern U. and an active SNCC worker, has filed an appeal for a new trial in his marijuana case. Johnson, who was busted for the alleged sale of one joint, claims that he was not given a fair trial. His name has appeared in the local papers hundreds of times, and several of the jurors were familiar with his political activities.

But the judge refused to allow questioning of jurors to determine possible bias or to allow a change of venue to secure a fair trial. Johnson must now remain in jail for two or more years while the appeal process goes on. Contributions or requests for further info should be sent to Lee Otis Johnson Defense Committee, PO Box 6524, Houston, Texas, 77005.

Doc Gandalf's---16 Free, 2 To Go

The 16 persons arrested on disorderly conduct charges at Doc Gandalf's General Store last month went to court the other day and got off when police failed to prove the charges. Drug charges against John Ryckman and William McKinney were continued to May 8. (FRED)

Gregory Behind Bars, Judge Bars Review

Dick Gregory remains in jail today after a federal court judge refused to review a state court conviction on charges of battery and resisting arrest stemming from a 1966 demonstration. Gregory charged that he had had an unfair trial because his attorneys were not allowed to challenge a woman juror who said she "did not believe in demonstrations."

You're In The Army Still

The Vets For Peace In Vietnam release for the April 5th peace march shows more roots than Portnoy. Some excerpts from their release read:

"We are the organizational kingpin contingent in the... peace march."
 "We monitor the two front groups..."
 "We control the doors when the march reaches the Coliseum."
 "We handle the collections as ushers."
 "Bring your cap or \$2 to buy one."

DOPERS KEEP DOPING

Docs For Dope

"The New Physician", a national medical journal with a monthly circulation to over 60,000 physicians.



1404 n. wells
chicago, illinois • fashion inventions
the garment district



sicians and med students, has become the first major medical journal to call for the legalization of marijuana. An editorial in the March 1969 issue suggested that "marijuana should enjoy the same statue as alcohol."

Leary's Son Busted

John Leary, 19, son of Guru Timothy, was busted in Millbrook, NY April 9th for possession of marijuana and pills of an unknown variety. He is currently in Dutchess County jail on \$25,000 bail.

Drug Busts

The rumors about April being drug bust month seem to have been true, at least in the 20th district, where there have been a number of possession busts since the first of the month.

NIXONIANA

Nixon's Crony's Kid Busted

The brother and nephew of Charles Rebozo, a close friend of Vice-President Nixon, were arrested in Miami recently on charges of possession of hashish and resisting arrest.

Nixon Avoids Egg Roll

Vice-President Nixon failed to appear at the annual White House Easter Egg Roll, in which Egg Rolls are rolled on the White House lawn to the accompaniment of Chaing Kai-Shek's Master Chorus. Told that the Veep had "other commitments", one young spectator shouted "bullshit".

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The real place to get it together today is in the High Schools. There, better than anyplace else, all kinds of kids can see their common enemy wearing the same mask of oppression. Here is a recent news article out of Clifton, New Jersey that sums up the situation:

Along with exams in history, math, english, and biology, this city's 6,000 high school students may now have to pass a saliva test.

The board of education in this New York suburb said Thursday it wants to administer saliva tests to the secondary school youngsters to find out who is using the 'Cancerous Devil' marijuana.

In a booklet written by board president Stanton M. Weiss, parents were asked to permit the tests. Weiss said so far the parent response has been 100 percent in favor of the test.

In New York, a new paper, the High School Free Press has sprung up to try and bring together all of the energy vectors of the area high schools. Major issues are both old and new. The growing pressure of plainclothes



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COMMERCE IS A NOBLE PROFESSION

Freedom Of The Press To Those Who Own One

Several weeks ago an article appeared in the "Chicago Journalism Review" which indicted the City News Bureau for instructing its personnel to curtail their coverage of news involving movement actions. There were 3 City News reporters who talked to the Review about the alleged incident. One of the three got a job with UPI shortly after the article appeared. Last week, the other two reporters were fired by City News. (FRED)

Smother Snuffed

CBS, private enterprise on public airwaves, has announced that the controversial Smothers Brothers Show has been cancelled and will not appear on the plastic screen next fall. This move was taken despite the fact that advertising on next year's show, at \$60,000 a minute, was almost sold out. The Brothers have announced that they will sue CBS "to save the artistic integrity of television."

"What's Good For General Motors..."

Between 1960 and 1968, according to "US News & World Report", corporate profits rose 91% while the average wage for factory work rose 31%.

JOHN AND YOKO DO THEIR THING

Balling for Peace

Newlyweds John Lennon and Yoko Ono have held a week-long fuck-in in their Amsterdam hotel bedroom. They stayed in bed an entire week in protest of the Vietnam war.

Psychedelic Czars Hauled To Court For Lennonism

George Sells and Jonathon Tuttle, operators of Head Imports, 2446 N. Lincoln, have seen their "obscenity" charge dismissed, but have been convicted of disturbing the peace by placing a nude photo of John and Yoko in their shop window. They plan to appeal the disturbing the peace charge.

Talent Search Launched

Charlie Koppleman and Don Rubin, an independent record producing duo, have begun a nationwide talent hunt for writers, singers and musicians. K & R, who produce and manage the Lovin Spoonful, Tim Hardin, Sopwith Camel and others, will give a hearing to anyone who contacts them at 1619 Broadway, NYC. Phone 212-765-2682.

and uniformed cops has been made a political issue and the school's arbitrary power to suspend students has become an organizing tactic. Lateness, class cutting, class relevancy, teacher competence and all the other things that were merely the complaints of misfit rebels in my day (four years ago) are now basic issues which young radicals see as repressive high school outposts or a corrupt and dying society.

So kids are smoking joints at lunchtime in Suburb High, stabbing their Readers Digest Editor Fathers and putting out underground papers. Many of the April 5th and last August demonstrators are and were high and last August demonstrators are and were High School students. High school seems to be one place where people with different backgrounds--white middle class, white working class, black, etc.--have enough in common to do a thing together. Since everyone has to go to high school, it seems that adolescent academia is the natural place for struggle. Since one of the weapons are newspapers--our newspapers--the Seed is planning a summer-long media workshop designed to teach people (high school or no) how to put out a rag. Interested souls should write to me after May 1st at 1900 N. Halsted Street.

M. L. Firstenberg



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incense and other psychedelic
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bers on request.

BOOTH

Thoughts about love and satori: an old story from Evergreen a few years back tells of a Zen monk who achieves satori while fucking. I can see why. Can you think of any other (non-chemical) experience during which things seem at once so clear and so glowing with unearthly light? Skin-pores, ordinarily just skin-pores, become entrance places for the air--you can feel yourself breathing all over your body. And the look of someone else's skin, perhaps marked or blemished or hairy, but as strange and wonderful a landscape as that of the moon. A human being is with you, and you yourself are human. You can see the mind looking out through those eyes, seeing your mind. Nerve-ends, usually attuned to such unpleasantness in daily nonliving, are doing all that nerve-ends should do. You are both transformed into what you really are all the time. How obscene to cover the true state of humanity with death with despair with ugly plastic garbage with dust with sin... How decent of human beings to be naked to each other...How sad how seldom it really happens, even with people in love...How beautiful that it happens at all....

But I guess it is necessary to be apart, removed, sad, every so often. The in-and-out has to be out in order to go in. So with everything. We come together from somewhere else which is not together. And after come is go. Go away. Shrink. Descend. Come down. Hope there will be another rising, that Christ will come again, that the Wheel will turn full circle, that in the midst of Yang is a small part of Yin and in the midst of Yin a small part of Yang. Gyre. Weep. Create and then refuel. Bleed.

And every time it happens again, that spring comes. And it's always a surprise, because nobody's faith is perfect, and joy is mixed with great relief. It is Easter and He is risen. Resurrect. Dance. Fly kites and run laughing, but never with your first innocent unawareness of departure. All the sweeter for being ephemeral. Songs of Experience, to write which Innocence must be left behind. Joy with a little pain, but joy. Look again at hair and lips and eyes and belly, touch each other and gasp Oh, you are beautiful. And for the moment you are.

HIPPOCRATES

QUESTION: Where can I get myself CASTRATED? I'm tired of sex, I hate sex, I don't want to be controlled by women any longer! I hate the two-facedness, double-think, hypocrisy. I can't stand living in the Sexual Contradiction any longer: sex is condemned, sex is admired; sex is dirty, sex is fun; if I ask her or imply that I want sex, she hates me ("What? You think I'm a WHORE?"), but if I don't ask her and in fact act like 'I don't want sex' (and I have done this) she says, "What? I'm NOT GOOD ENOUGH for you?"

I think all morals should be destroyed, the Church should be destroyed, the educational system, the family, the state, the culture, male supremacy, money, competition, the TV, Power the police and the courts should be destroyed as the only way in which we can live in a sexually free society. Maybe we should all have to be brought up nude to eliminate the sex hang-ups. And why should we hide it? To protest this social atrocity and hypocrisy, masses of people should fuck in the streets!

But in the mean time, I can't stand it. Will a hospital do it? I don't mean just removing the tubes. I mean cutting off the dick and the sac, so there won't be any more desire for sex. Would I still be able to live? What would happen if I did it myself? Is there any way to put the sex organs to sleep to eliminate the pain?

ANSWER: I think you should call the Department of Mental Health of your county or City Health Department to learn of psychiatric services available to you. Other sources of information are the local medical society or the nearest medical school. Don't cut off your nose to spite your face.

QUESTION: What explanation can you give me for the appearance, several weeks ago, of a lump or knot in the center, or midway lengthwise, of the penis: it is located toward the upper surface.

Since the appearance of this lump, which is not painful by the way, I have noted another thing: when erect, the penis has assumed a pronounced curve upward giving a sort of boomerang appearance. While this does not prevent penetration, it does present a bit of awkwardness for coitus.

P.S. My age is 51.

ANSWER: You should consult your family physician or a urologist to determine the cause of this lump. A painless lump anywhere in the body should be cause for a prompt visit to the doctor.

QUESTION: Could you explain please the results of a conversion operation for either a male or female trans-sexual. Is it possible to develop a penis for a woman or a vagina for a man?

ANSWER: To answer your question briefly, it is possible to construct an artificial vagina for a trans-sexual male but not a penis for a trans-sexual female. In a male the penis and testicles are surgically removed and an artificial vagina constructed, usually from the lining of the scrotum. Female hormones are given to cause enlargement of the breasts and a decrease in facial hair.

In females, male hormones are given to increase the amount of facial hair and to deepen the voice. The breasts are often surgically removed but thus far no technique has been developed to give a penis to a trans-sexual female.

QUESTION: Is it wrong to experimentally have anal intercourse with a fellow shipmate?

ANSWER: I think it's against Navy Regulations.

DEAR DR. HIP POCRATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$5 at your favorite bookstore.

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9002, Berkeley, California 94709.

ORDINUM FUGITIVE

Dear Ordinum Fugitive,

It seems like everyone is holding parades these days. It also seems that the police, mayors, and V.F.W.s don't always appreciate the marches, particularly if they are conducted by peace-niks or freaks. What are the limits on government and its friends to prevent marches and parades?

Hilton Conrad

Dear Hilt,

First the platitudes--The right to hold a peaceable parade or demonstration is guaranteed by the First Amendment of the Federal Constitution. There is even Supreme Court language to indicate the streets MIGHT belong to the people. For example:

"Wherever the title of streets and parks may rest, they have immemorially been held in trust for the use of the public and, time out of mind (freaky ?) have been used for purposes of assembly, communicating, thoughts between citizens, and discussing public questions. Such use of the streets and public places has, from ancient times, been a part of the privileges, immunities, rights and liberties of citizens."

In application, the platitudes break down into frequently inscrutable little pieces. Specifically, government authorities can regulate parades and marches by requiring that they be held only after officials have issued a permit. The issuance is supposed to be based on the reasonableness of the time, place and conduct of the proposed parade as set out in a narrowly drafted statute or ordinance. If the conduct of the parade is reasonably timed with reference to traffic and pedestrian problems, if it is to be on a reasonable location, and in "an orderly manner" then you have an absolute right to a permit.

This "reasonableness" business is really a big can of worms. "Manner" or "reasonable manner" means that the right to parade may be refused if the parade will "seriously interfere with the normal usage of streets." The determination of whether a parade "seriously interferes" is obviously made by the officials who may really be out of tune with the thing you are trying to communicate. Thus, a parade permit may be refused because of an exceptional (and perhaps fictional) traffic hassle that it is expected to cause. The police are legendarily the only ones capable of making such judgment, you will probably be spinning your wheels more (there is an exception which I will come to in a moment). To add insult to injury, if the political establishment that controls the issuance of permits doesn't like the kink in your hair or the tint of your politics it can always manage to discover that your parade will cause some incredible traffic jam or pedestrian mess-up. If you complain that you are being discriminated against because officials don't like you or your views, they will look in apparent shock and say that they would never do such an awful thing.

The way to avoid discriminatory enforcement of a parade permit ordinance is to accumulate evidence of prior parades and marches that officials have permitted of similar size, times, and in similar manners. (Don't worry there are some, no matter where you are.) Usually those parades are conducted by people whose political and social persuasions officials find acceptable if not laudable. Make a note of the circumstance of the "acceptable" parades. Such notes may be valuable if you have to go to court to establish that the permits are being issued or withheld arbitrarily. Remember, the unicorn is a mythical beast. O.F.



COSMIC CUB SCOUTS

Fenn -- phennig -- phenniche -- phoenici -- phoenix -- throughout the world the word of the Phoenix is traced; wherever these derivations are found, there is similar evidence of ancient knowledge of Phoenix in the symbolic presence of a mythical eagle-like bird. Some ancient link has carried the legend of it's periodic flight to earth, and stories of it's mighty deeds are told in the temples of Egypt and China, on the thunderbird mountain of Arizona---even on a little strip of land in the Mediterranean Sea which was once called Phoenicia. Prophecy was based upon the time of it's flight, Irish Bards sang of it, it has been emblazoned on shields and waved as banners in heraldic memory. Phoenix wings unfurled on the first seal of the United States, for it was understood the next destination of the Phoenix flight was the western hemisphere. Now, word is once again whispered into Twentieth Century ears -- it is time for it's presence to be felt. People who know the legend are waiting.

The ancient East determined valuable cultural changes were made only during special periods of time. These periods were called the Cycle of Neros or Phoenix. They contended that under normal conditions humanity moved in a fixed pattern of existence. When, however, the earth and the entire solar system pass through special areas in the spaces of the Universe, the solar system was cleansed, 'Buhmi' (the ancient earth) took a bath; old patterns were swept away when the 'fiery' (magnetic) fields or 'veils' of earth were cleansed. For a time, humanity could receive the sun's direct wisdom and energy without distraction from earthbound emanations.

Descriptions of these periods are invariable in their character. First, signs of upheaval and unrest were seen among the people of every land. Those men and women who were not accustomed to intense atmospheric changes would respond to the lunar and other planetary magnetisms, as they too, were markedly intensified. Some would react destructively, others would react intensely in trying to save the old familiar life that was being washed away.

The singular meaning of each Phoenix flight was spiritual renewal and cultural regeneration for man and his environment. According to legend the great bird would deposit the egg containing it's progeny on the altar of the temple of the sun at Heliopolis. It would then fly to the land whereon the new Phoenix would live for it's time on earth--after building the nest for the new babe, it would fly again to it's own place in the Sun. Within the egg were all the plans sent from the sun for the people to abide by during the next patterned time.

Those men and women who could respond to the solar energies were then prepared to receive the vision of the patterns for the time ahead. The highest restrictions of honor, character, sincerity and responsibility were needed in order to be strong enough to understand.

The ancients believed that Teachers and Saviors of men were brought to earth by Phoenix. They understood that the 'children of the Sun' were those who gathered at the new nesting place of culture. Together they would find the vision and teach the new ways to other men and women.

Today, the many symptoms characteristic of Phoenix are visiting our land. Scientists speak of the solar system passing through a 'hydrogen bath' -- a field of nearly pure hydrogen in the spaces of the Universe. It has been determined this state has been in existence since the turn of the century. Prophecy echoes the changing patterns that are now seen to exist in our present culture. History clearly defines repetitive cycles of similar change in times past.

Many are turning restlessly to new directions. Others are seeking new designs and better ways of life. Some have decided to join in a unified effort that they might help each other develop psychologically and philosophically. They wish to grow eagle's wings and soar to a new conscious understanding of the times ahead. They hope to explore the many cultural expressions, find new designs and contribute these in service to humanity.

On October 25, 1967 Phoenix Fellowship - Academy of Cultural Exploration & Design was chartered. Headquarters are being established at 2816 N. Lincoln in Chicago. It is hoped activity will begin there by midsummer after the building is renovated. There are plans for a library, lecture hall, book store, and health food store. The Academy is emerging from its plan as an experimental project in academic training which will cope with design changes in the educational fields. Time and effort will be spent in open exploration of philosophy, religion, psychology, science, arts and crafts in an effort to create a harmonious balance between these various studies. Special attention will be given to ideas concerning a new universal ethic for human betterment.

More elaborate plans are being framed for rural development as a community effort in the near future. When this project is established, it is hoped that agriculture, crafts, horticulture, and co-op farming will be some of the programs emphasized. As the movement proceeds, projects will be developed which will be of particular help in charitable works. If small and efficient examples of new ways of living can prove successful, they can be duplicated by others, or expand for social betterment and influence.

The last issue of the Seed inadvertently placed my name in their classified column without my knowledge. The advertisement mentioned astral projection and occult knowledge. Phoenix does explore these various ideas and concepts as a part of a course in open-minded study. It is certain that humanity has many latent powers which it should develop, and knowledge of these matters is necessary to an expanding consciousness. But knowledge of this nature requires profound and prolonged study with special emphasis on character and goals. No resolution or understanding of these concepts could be gained through a necessarily short telephone conversation. However, if any one is interested in joining with us in study and activity, we can be reached by calling Mr. Richard Borovsky (312) 787-3778 between the hours of five to nine P.M., on Monday, Wednesday, Friday Saturday and Sunday of each week; or you may write to Phoenix Academy -- 700 North Path, Wheaton, Ill. - 60187.

JoAnna Guthrie Smith

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Permanent Universal Rent Strike

The reformed Illuminati calendar used by the Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria in conspiracy with Discordianism International dates everything from the year 1am (Anno Mundi) when the First Apostle of Eris, Hung Mung, achieved illumination and perceived the Sacred Chao (see illustration). This is the mysterious symbol that explains everything, and then some. In fact, the symbol is so fraught with meaning that it has been repeatedly stolen by other groups -- including the Taoists, the Northern Pacific railroad, and, most recently, the Sex Information Council of the U.S. (SIECUS.) All of these schmucks leave out the all-important Golden Apple, (representing chaos) on the right-hand side and the equally important Pentagon (representing superficial order, which is the highest form of chaos) on the left-hand side.

The Taoists carried on Hung Mung's revelation that there are two sides to everything, both of them equally absurd, but they lost the old Chaoists further teaching that the discord between the two opposites is most interesting and amusing when raised to a higher dialectical level.

The Taoist contemplates the chaos that already exists and smiles. The Chaoist creates greater chaos, and laughs.

Max Stirner, Gran Illuminatus of Bavaria after the flight of Adam Weishaupt to the United States, pointed out in 'The Ego and His Own' that the closest approximation to a sane society will come about, not when everybody becomes a masochist or an altruist (there are plenty of them around already, and little sanity has resulted from their activities) but when everybody becomes an egotist.

Benjamin Tucker put it this way: "Even more immoral than the desire to rule is the willingness to submit."

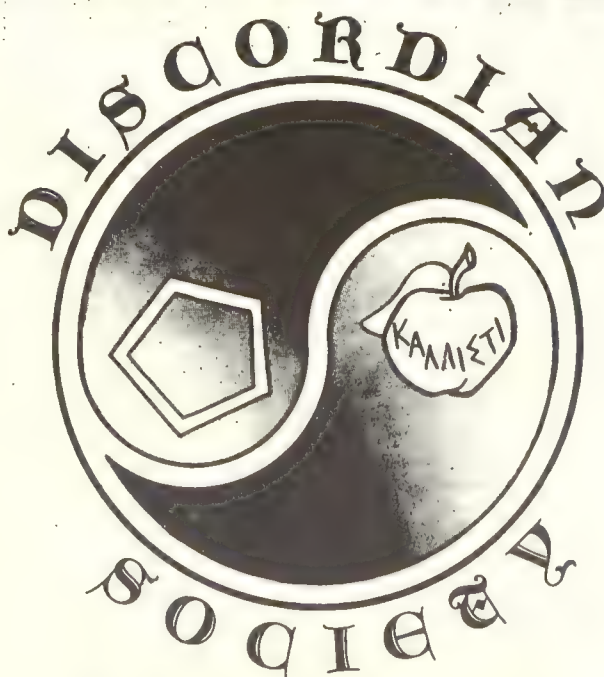
There is no hope (in the Eristic view of things) that everybody will ever become self-sacrificing. Nor would that be desirable. (Who wants to be a zombie among a herd of similiar zombies?)

The only hope is that everybody might become an egotist. When everybody says, "Get off my back. I'm not taking any more of your shit," then, obviously, chaos has not been resolved -- it never can be -- but a very fruitful kind of higher-level chaos develops.

As Paul Goodman once phrased it, there will be a hell of a lot more bloody noses, but no wars. Wars require altruists, masochists, self-sacrificers...people who are willing to follow orders.

The permanent universal rent strike--which is, together with the permanent universal tax strike and the coining of non-governmental money, the triple solution to everything--rests on this firm foundation in chaotic egotism.

These tactics do not require self-sacrifice and they do not involve coercing (or killing) others. Hence, they have not been very popular in Judeo-Christian culture, which is basically sado-masochist and strongly inclines people to grasp at philosophies (such as Marxism) which do give people a reason to torment themselves and bully others.



These tactics rest on the assumption that the only non-coercive behavior is truly revolutionary and only egotistic behavior is basically reactionary (whatever "revolutionary" excuse is given for it) and all altruistic behavior is basically insane (the body is an egotist and altruism only becomes possible when the head is split from the body, which is a form of schizophrenia).

The success (if that's the word for it) of the Marxist counter-revolution (masquerading as revolution) is entirely due to the cultural hang-over from Judeo-Christian sado-masochist ethics.

YIP is the only part of the Movement which begins to have a clue about what real REVOLUTION is.

The permanent universal rent strike is the affirmation, by everybody, of his or her right to live on the planet Earth.

The permanent universal rent strike is the end of Feudalism.

The landlord, as his name reminds us, is a Feudal functionary, originally a relative of the king.

Capitalism continues Feudalism by continuing landlordism although the landlord no longer has to be a relative of the king. Socialism continues Feudalism by making a spook ("the State") or "the People" -- into a new landlord. Since spooks can't function in the real world, Socialism just means a continuation of the same old con... certain individual human beings, proclaiming themselves the representatives of "the State" or "the People", will function as landlords.

The permanent universal rent strike is a rejection of Feudalism Capitalism and Socialism all together.

Eugene V. Debs, although a benighted Socialist, had his moments of insight. In one of them he said (and this should be branded on the behind of every Movement leader with a red-hot iron so they'd never forget):

If you are looking for a Moses to lead you out of the capitalist wilderness you will stay right where you are. I would not lead you into the promised land if I could, because if I could lead you in, someone else would lead you out.

The Irish rent strike of the 1880s was a monumental success, at first. The English Army could not collect the rents "owed" to the English landlords. The strike ended when the Irish leader Parnell was bribed (not with money, apparently) to call it off. This is what comes of having "leaders." Think about it.

If the Irish had a consciously Stirnerite and egotist philosophy, no "leader" could ever have ended the strike, and they could not have been, in Debs' words "lead back out" of the Promised Land.

The prerequisite for a successful PERMANENT UNIVERSAL RENT STRIKE is a clear understanding of the egotist principle by every participant. Stirnerite and Sadean anarchism has to be firmly grasped and understood and nobody must think he is acting for "the People" or for "the future." The people and the future will profit, no doubt, but the main motive must be to escape MY rent burden HERE AND NOW.

Even Ayn Rand's here are worth streading and disseminating. Most people attracted to Rand only suffer from the disease for one or two years, then they detach the solid core of the truth inside her system from the vast proliferation of nonsense around it, and emerge as very conscious and knowledgeable anarchists.

Look up the figures in the World Almanac on the number of pigs in your city. Most places, it runs about one pig for every four hundred citizens...some places, the odds are even higher on our side. They can't evict us all onto the streets. If they do, they can't patrol efficiently enough to keep us from moving back into the pads right away.

This can only work, of course, with a Union of Egotists, such as Stirner envisioned. The same is true of every other non-violent and truly revolutionary activity. Which is why, my friends, egotism does not lead to "the ear of all against all" but to co-operation.

Egotistic co-operation, for rational and self-interested reasons, is not schizophrenic, does not divide the cortex from the body and does not justify any form of coercion of others. You have to be some kind of altruist, whether consciously Christian or only unconsciously Christian, to justify the coercion.

Only the man who sacrifices himself is ready to sacrifice others.

Non-violent egotist revolution is the only true revolution, the only real break with the pattern of authority and submission which has hitherto screwed-up "civilized" society. Every form of coercive or altruistic activity is counter-revolutionary, because it leads back into the same old shit all over again. The permanent universal rent strike is the first step. Hail Eris. Hail Discordia.



(This is the first of a series of articles written by the regional chapter of SDS. Address all questions to Sue Jankovsky at 641-0932.)

Cheered by the acquittal of the Oakland Seven and victorious over the Board of Regents that had barred them from using the Austin campus of the University of Texas, 1500 SDS folks met late last month on friendly church property to debate the issues of the day and decide policy for the organization as a whole.

National Council meetings are primarily legislative and theoretical meetings where we gather to try to reach consensus on the direction of the student movement and analyze how this movement can make a necessary transition into a revolutionary fighting force consisting of youth from all classes joined in the struggle against imperialism and racism.

With repression coming down hard on the Black Panther Party all over the country, SDS moved to show its support and solidarity with the vanguard group. Passed was a resolution acknowledging the leadership of the Party in the liberation of black people and the movement as a whole. The resolution declared SDS support for the Party and it's essentially correct program, announced our commitment to defend the Party and the black colony against the total attacks of the racist pig structure, and reaffirmed our vical resolve to battle for liberation in the colony and revolution in the mother country at the expense of white national chauvinism and white supremacy. Implementation class specifically for Eldridge Cleaver: Huey Newton Defense Committees, literature about the black struggle and the groups involved in it, and a working alliance between SDS chapters and the Panther groups in their areas.

As we move well into April, Chicago SDS is moving specifically around support for the Panthers, joining with them in leafletting schools and communities about the ~~re~~ and intimidation of most of the local Panthers and the Conspiracy indictment of Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Panthers. Rallies to explain the repression and to raise defense funds are being setup by the regional.

The other major resolution at the NC spoke to the situation in the schools. "The Schools Must Serve the People" was the theme of the resolution which called for a ten-point program which would:

- attack the tracking system in high schools
- end flunkouts and disciplinary expulsions
- stop recruiters
- stop racist admission systems
- end male supremacy

require teaching the history and social conditions of the people in a way that would expose the true injustice of this racist society.

implement decent, truthful education to be paid for by the national wealth rather than taxes from the poor.

Also attacked were other symptoms of the schools which serve "to build an ideological army of the ruling class."

It is the position of SDS that we must challenge the class nature of the schools and show them for what they are--a mechanism by which the ruling class oppresses the people, teaches what it wants us to know, channels us for the type of jobs it wishes us to have, and lies to us about who our real friends are. The schools must be made to serve the people--black and brown and working class people--instead of the ruling class.

SDS also has called for a boycott of Standard Oil. Oil workers in Richmond, California have been striking since Jan. 6 to gain better wages and preserve the union shop. They signed a mutual aid pact with Third World Liberation Front students at San Francisco State and Berkeley and sent workers to support student strikes just as students walked their lines. They acknowledged that students and workers are fighting the same enemy and have brought the struggle into a previously exempt communities.

These are some of the main things that SDS delegates talked about, passed resolutions on, and evaluated. Columns in the future will report more thoroughly on the black struggle, the oil strike, plans for the summer, and SDS' general position and the way that we carry on that struggle.

Join us!

Despite administrative predictions that campus revolts are the 1960's equivalent of goldfish-swallowing and panty raids, students continue to act in support of radical positions throughout the country. Harvard is nearly closed, thanks to prompt brutality on the part of Cambridge police, while sister school Yale witnessed a mass walkout on the April 15th speech of Ford Foundation President McGeorge Bundy (see this month's Ram-parts if you don't know why) Kids at Stanford are holding an electronics lab to express outrage over the war-related research, and have announced their intentions of continuing their live-in despite Reagan's threat to call out the militia and statements by the Provost that the demonstration is interfering with heart research.

Rather than disappearing, demonstrations are becoming formalized. The black flag was raised at New Orleans' Southern U., the American flag was seized at Yale, an SDS leader was suspended at Oberlin, and police action in Cambridge has radicalized the apolitical middle at Harvard. But the action most significant for the future occurred right here in Chicago, where fourteen students pitched tents on the main quadrangle on April 16th and began a hunger strike to protest the university's expulsion of 42 students connected with the February sit-in. The fast began after sporadic class-cutting protest lost steam. Many of the 42 students have applied to schools as distant as Oyster Bay U. in New York, only to be turned away as a result of the University's refusal to give its recommendation.

The significance of this blacklisting is that, if demonstrations continue, a significant number of activists may find themselves cut off from a chance at the Great Apple Pie. Suddenly derailed from the first track, they may then move into community organizing or other activities that may be more important to the building of a radical mass movement in this country than four years of university education.

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KILL FOR PEACE DEPARTMENT

Draft Violations Getting Popular

Draft violations have moved into 3rd place (right behind auto theft and immigration infractions) in the standings of criminal court business, according to a story in the April 2nd Washington Post. Despite a get-tough policy in the courts (average sentences up from 32 to 37.3 months in the past year), the trend continues. In the last 6 months the number of prosecutions has doubled (to over 3,000 a year) and FBI investigations have reached the rate of more than 58,000 a year. That's keeping em hopping, brothers! (LNS)

Military Courts Popular, Too

Along with the headline case at Presidio (see last issue), numerous other attempts have been made to check the growing strength of within-the-military resistance. On March 25, charges of breach of the peace were brought against nine soldiers at Fort Jackson, S. Carolina, after a meeting of over 100 GIs which discussed the Vietnam war. (LNS)

Why No Bombing Resumption

One of the little known reasons behind the halt in bombing of North Vietnam is that the North Vietnamese anti-aircraft system had been slowly wiping out much of the American air power. With the best kill-ratio in history, the liberation forces have destroyed more than 5000 US helicopters and airplanes. This amounts to more than \$5 billion.

Sweden Aids Deserters

The Swedish National Labor Market Board says it is opening a camp for US deserters outside Upsala, north of Stockholm, where the Americans can learn Swedish and get job training. Participation in the camp will be voluntary; monthly shifts of 25 ex-soldiers can be accommodated.

Military Men In Defense Work

You don't believe in the industrial-military

complex, eh? Well take a look at a report recently released by Sen. William Proxmire. His report indicates that the number of high-ranking retired military officers working for the defense industry has tripled in the last 10 years. Specifically, the report revealed that 2,072 retired officers with the rank of colonel or above are now employed by the leading military contractors. (LNS)

Black GI Murdered in Nam

On Feb. 20, Pvt. Asa Martin was coldly executed by Sgt. Bernardo Rodriguez. Rodriguez has been charged with premeditated murder and with assaulting three other soldiers. The complete account of the story will appear in a later issue of the SEED. In the meantime, Mrs. Martin needs money to go to Vietnam to attend the trial of her son's killer, since the army has refused to change venue to the States. A benefit to raise money will be held April 22nd from 9 pm to 4 am at the High Chapparrel at 7740 S. Stoney Island.

Nixon Appoints Draft Counsel

Vice-President Nixon has appointed an advisory commission to develop a plan for the elimination of the draft and the installation of a volunteer army. The panel, made up largely of educators and soldiers, is to report in November.

FOREIGN DESK

Iran Breaks Opium Ban

Iran has ended her 13-year ban on opium production and plans to export the drug for medicinal purposes at half the current world price. The drug will also be used for treating Iranian addicts during the tapering-off period. (EXTRA)

Hippie Resistance in Prague

The Hippies of Czechoslovakia are embarking on a program of resistance to the Russian troops who are occupying the country. When Russian soldiers come into Prague for a night on the town, hippie chicks turn them on to LSD, which is read-

ing. The Soviet Army is going down while the Russian soldiers are going up.

West German Crackdown

The West German government, "intent on preserving law and order," has called for the expulsion from college of all radical students engaged in disruptive activism, according to the Christian Science Monitor. (LNS)

NEWS OF THE ANTI-ANARCHY FORCES

Chicago Jails Exposed

An investigation into the Chicago prison system has found that mobsters are given private cells with refrigerators and whiskey while young inmates are gang-raped constantly.

New Police Weapons Developed

Back to the Middle Ages, Varlet. Yon Toledo Police Force has developed a bullet-proof shield and a spiked metal ball that shoots Mace. The shield can be penetrated by nothing less than a shotgun slug, normally used for shooting elephants, and the Mace-shooting ball is designed to be "swung at the ankles of rioters", in the words of Captain "Farmer" Gray of the Toledo Police. (LNS)

HERE THERE AND EVERYWHERE

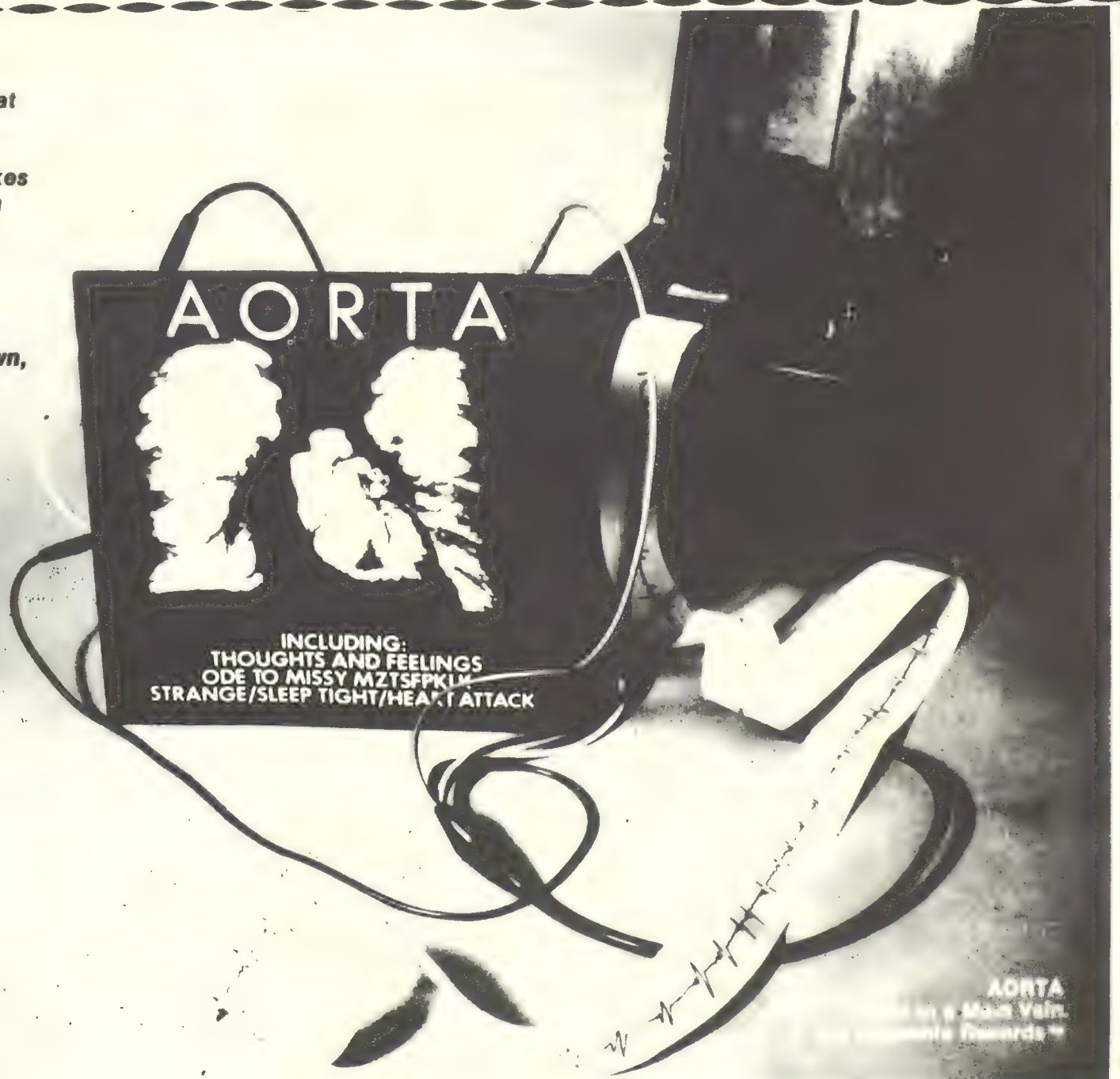
Think You've Got It Bad At Your School?

Your school may not be too groovy, but just dig these women's rules at Harding College in Searcy, Ark. Girls are not allowed to wear polka dot dresses for fear a dot will appear in a suggestive place. They cannot wear patent leather shoes because someone might see the reflection of their panties in them.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might, and the republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order or our nation cannot survive." ---Adolph Hitler, 1932

The Chicago heart pumps out a stream of anti-life corpuscles that rush through the Main Vein, searching for a place to hide. AORTA feels every pulse and takes the flow and purifies it. There is a rush of new Thoughts and Feelings that say:
Feeling rather high,
Feeling rather high,
Feeling rather high,
And I'm never coming down, down,
down, down, down



ALTERNATE SOCIETY

TRAVEL NOTES

If you are under twenty-one years of age (or don't look twenty-one), and plan to travel by yourself across the states or elsewhere during the coming months, the following legal items are a MUST to be carried on your person.

1. A notarized letter of consent from your parent or guardian giving you permission to be away from home (include your home address and telephone numbers where parents can be reached day or night).

2. A notarized letter of consent from your parent or guardian giving permission for a licensed medical doctor to treat you in case of a medical emergency (include your home address and telephone numbers where your parents can be reached day or night).

3. A copy of your birth certificate.

4. If you are a male eighteen years of age or older, your draft registration and classification cards from your local draft board.

5. If you are a licensed driver, your driver's license.

(from Grace Lutheran Youth Services Program)

and....

If you and the army are parting company and the wide open spaces of our neighborhood to the north have caught your fancy, you should follow these tips from LNS:

Say at the border that you want to visit Canada as a tourist.

Have either enough money for a return ticket to the US or the ticket itself.

Have \$10 for each day of your supposed visit.

DO NOT say that you're a deserter or ask for landed immigration status. The Canadian officials may turn you over to the American border people.

Bring as many of these as possible: birth certificate, passport, diplomas, references, and as much money as possible.

Once over the border, things should be okay. Canada generally does not extradite deserters, and even if they deny you landed immigrant status (a prelude for citizenship) you'll have the time to plan an exodus to Sweden, France or other friendly areas.

The reliable places to contact for aid once you are over the border are:

MONTREAL:

American Deserters Committee
Room 5-22, 112 St. Paul Street West
Montreal 25, Quebec 514-843-8144

mail: P.O.B. 611 Station H
Montreal 25, Quebec

Montreal Council to Aid War Resisters
112 St Paul Street West
Montreal 25, Quebec

mail: P.O.B. 231 Westmount Station 6
Montreal 25 Quebec

TORONTO:

Toronto Anti-Draft Program
2279 Yonge St., Suite 15
Toronto 12 Quebec

mail: P.O.B. 764 Adelaide St Station
Toronto 2B, Ontario
416-481-0241

VANCOUVER:

Vancouver Comm. to Aid War Objectors
2741 W. 4th Ave.
Vancouver, British Columbia

mail: Vancouver 9, British Columbia
604-738-4612

OTTAWA:

Assistance with Immigration and the Draft (AID)

mail: P.O.B. 2382 Station D
Ottawa 1, Ontario

HAMILTON:

Southern Ontario Comm. on War Immigrants

mail: P.O.B. 155, Station E
Hamilton, Ontario

GET DOWN AND PROSE WITH JESUS

"I believe that the man should religiously take out the garbage for his woman."

"I am proud to announce that Adam Pettigrew, age 5 mo., and his ma, Beatrice, were ordained by Rev. Hensley last month."

Rev. Jane Lynch
Universal Life Church, Inc.

The first time I ever heard about the Universal Life Church Inc. was from a commercial airplane pilot in Fairbanks, Alaska by the name of Sumner Putnam. Crazy ol' Sumner, taking me for a ride in this funky little Piper Cub that looked like it belonged in a cartoon. I can't imagine how he ever got it off the ground, but there we were, loop-de-looping over the snow and the trees and the -40 degree weather, Sumner hunched over the controls in this amazingly tiny airplane cabin like some benignly crazed praying mantis. Sumner was one of the first people ever ordained as a minister into that church, ordained personally several years ago by its founder and spiritual leader, the Rev. Bishop Kirby J. Hensley, D.D., Ph.D., met.D. in Modesto California, birthplace of the Universal Life Church Inc. and home of Boone's Farm Apple Wine.

It's a do-yer-own-thing church, you see, and what you believe in and what you say and how you hold your services (if you decide to hold any at all) is entirely up to you, Sumner explained as he went into a power dive over the University of Alaska. "Yaaaaacrazymuthawatchahellyadoin", replied I, rinsowhite in the Arctic sunlight as the Student Union building approached vertically at 110 m.p.h.

I mean, if you want to be a minister of God, why shouldn't you be one? I mean, you are anyway, aren't you? St. Francis never went to any theological seminary as far as I know. The student Union Building dropped from view, suddenly replaced once again by the frigid blue sky. It's just one more restricted area, one more social elite that's been "opened" to the people. What kind of religious structure do you have when there is such an apparent wall between the clergy and the layman? Free the sacramental wine, the pulpit belongs to the people!

So I went up in a plane as a layman and returned to earth an ordained minister. It's a living, better than the gig of the cop who cracked the Reverend Hensley a month or so ago on the grounds that he was handing out Honorary Dr. of Divinity degrees. What most papers neglected to mention, however, is that he was giving them only to people who had taken 'the course'. A ten-lesson course. On starting non-profit organizations. But they busted them anyway, no doubt out of jealousy. If you would like to send Bishop Hensley a letter to cheer him up while he awaits trial, or maybe send a contribution to help him combat Ronnie Reagan's war against freedom of religion--or if you just want to become a legally--that's right, legally--ordained minister, drop a line to able assistant Rev. John Moore, First Berkeley Universal Life Church, P.O. Box 48, Berkeley, California 94701. I'm sure they'll be glad to hear from you.

Paul David Simon
Prelate to the Arch-
Diocese of Chicago
Universal Life Church Inc.

a good hamburger
is hard to find
unless you look
for it at



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"We're looking for people who want to rock"

If you show aptitude worth developing—8 famous rockers stand ready to guide you to personal satisfaction.

If you want to rock, we would like to test your rock aptitude.

We know that many men and women who could rock—and *should* rock—never do. Some are uncertain of their talent and don't have a reliable way of finding out if it's worth developing. Others, who are surer of their ability, simply can't get top-notch professional training without leaving their homes or giving up their jobs.

A plan to help others.

Several years ago, we decided to do something about this problem. Eight successful players joined forces to form the Sweetwater Famous Rockers School to help promising beginners everywhere acquire the skill and craftsmanship it takes to break into dance . . . to pass on to them our own techniques for achieving success and recognition.

Their aim was to give today's beginning rocker the expert help they themselves would have welcomed when they were starting out. The Sweetwater Famous Rockers School

poured all of its secrets of success into a specially created stereo phonograph album. Through this album, called "Sweetwater," our distinguished faculty has worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, Volkswagen bus, or electricity-equipped crash pad, the many hours of individual instruction a developing rocker needs.

Success and a wonderful life.

A typical comment from one of our previous students, *Stereo Review* magazine of New York City, N.Y., states: "Hell, this group is good! They are strong, gentle persuaders even for those of us not already indoctrinated in Sweetwater's own musical style . . . sheer genius . . . the best I've heard."

Hank Zevallos, in a copyrighted article in the *Los Angeles Free Press* says, "... standing ovations at the Miami Pop Festival!" Not to be outdone is the *New York Times*, whose newsman noted that Sweetwater is "... the best and most underexposed talent in the country."

The *Chicago Tribune* of Chicago, Illinois, went on to comment about the Sweetwater al-

bum, "Nothing as exciting as an initial Sweetwater experience. Pop triumph." And finally this, chosen at random from all the rest, from the *Miami Herald*: "A rock act serving of visual and vocal excitement that had the audience dancing in the meadow, singing, clapping, and begging for more."

If you would like to meadow dance, sing, clap, and/or beg, then act now.

Test your rock aptitude.

If you're wondering how much you can realistically expect from yourself as a rocker, the Sweetwater School can help here, too. The 8 Famous Rockers are featured on a pretty four-color album. This album is yours for only \$4.98, and in most stores for a lot less. That's all it costs to join the Sweetwater Famous Rockers School. You may enroll at any time. But the decision is yours. There is no obligation beyond that initial, staggering investment of \$4.98. Or a little more for eight-track tape.

Join the thousands, now full-fledged professional rockers, who have found a new lease on life, the Sweetwater way.



Eight of America's most popular rockers. Although busy with constant tours of the country, Sweetwater has managed to record exactly one album — on the Reprise label.



They started the Famous Rockers School:

Left to Right: (Standing) Alan Malarowitz, Albert Moore, Nansi Nevins, Alpidio Cobian, (Sitting) August Burns, Alex Del Zoppo, Fred Herrera, R. G. Carlyle

REPRISE ALBUM 6313



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I want to know if I have rock aptitude worth developing. Please mail me a pretty color poster of the Sweetwater group, which I can trim most of the advertising copy off of. I enclose 25¢ so this doesn't cost you so much.

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MRS.
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CHICAGO SEED SPORTS REPORT: OPENING DAY AT WRIGLEY FIELD



I went to the eye doctor today for my bi-annual eye examination. He gave me a pair of lensless glasses and asked me to read the chart. I told him there was a blur of white light on his green wall. Then he inserted a lens in the right frame and asked "better?" And it was better, from left eye to right eye, the process of selecting the appropriate lenses finally brought about a much clearer vision than I had had before entering his office. These new eye glasses, needed for the last six months, now allow me to see much more than I had seen before. Also, that which I saw before I now see more clearly.

I had the same experience at Opening Day of the Chicago Cubs' baseball season.

On opening day I went to Wrigley Field as a "Seed reporter." A few weeks earlier I had gone to the St. Patrick's Day parade on State street on the same basis and came away with a pervading sadness over what America had done with her youth, superimposing false and warped values over delightful and important myth. This, too, I thought I would find at Wrigley Field.

And I did find that. I found Gov. Ogilvie surrounded on his first-baseline boxseat by security guards, his face scarred and Teutonic, ready to be type-cast as an SS officer, and beneficently signing autographs on 12-year old's programs, just as Hitler and Goehring themselves had done. I found Jimmy Durante on the third-baseline posing for pictures holding a baseball at the tip of his renowned nose and saying "Hotcha hotchal!" I heard the crowd boo the Phillies and roar their approval of greaser-third baseman Ron Santo and car dealer-1st baseman Ernie Banks. I saw the Boy Scout of the Year, a pimply-faced uniformed soldier reciting the Pledge of Allegiance in tribute to General Dwight D. Eisenhower and heard him say "under God" as Eisenhower had first woefully commanded. I saw all this. I heard Mayor Richard J. Daley reply to a greeter, "Hello der; hi!" I heard the mayor say that. And more. I saw and heard much more of what I had prepared myself to see and hear.

But only by rearranging my lenses, if you will, by putting on newer and sharper spectacles could I see another aspect which I might otherwise have missed.

Let me tell you about the six men from the Modern Dairy. As I left the field (reporters must be off the field as soon as the second ball of the game is pitched) and was making my way through the crowds to the press ramp, I passed behind six men, all wearing jackets which said "Modern Dairy".

These fellows probably started their day at about four a.m. They returned to the garage, their routes accomplished, at 11:30 a.m., punched the time clock, and not sparing the time to remove their uniforms and get into their civies as they usually do, piled into one car and drove to Wrigley Field. The traffic was intolerable, the parking lot attendant insufferable, and all the seats in the ballpark were sold out. They each bought an SRO ticket ("Standing room only, no refunds," warned the Andy Frain usher at the gate), stopped at the concession stand for a cup of beer, and pressed their way upward to the stands. Climbing the ramp to the grandstands, somewhere above the second level they were met by a wall of people who could not be penetrated. So there they stood, on a concrete ramp, their right feet three inches higher than their left, 400-feet from the playing field, two rows of people in front of them, three behind. They maintained this stance for four hours, for eleven innings, for this was the opening day of the Chicago Cubs' baseball season.

And what a great day it was! The first pitch thrown by Ferguson Jenkins was a called strike, and Ernie Banks hit two homers and the Cubs won in the eleventh on a home run by Willie Smith which brought all of his clubmates out of the dugout to greet him at the plate and shake his hand and pat his rump and dance about him. Everybody danced at Wrigley Field, 40,796 dedicated Cub fans trotted out toward the els and buses and parking lots. The six men from Modern Dairy stayed to the end and tomorrow will talk about Opening Day and tune their transistors to 720 to hear the next game. And so might I.

You know, this might have something to do with these new glasses, these correctives which ease myopia. I've gotten so damn sophisticated over the years. Baseball? Go to a baseball game and sit with all the greasers and drunkards and watch 18 men run around in circles, mostly standing in the grass and adjusting their crotch?! Listen, there's a cultural and political revolution going on and I'm going to waste my time with this frivolity? People dying and getting walked on around the world and I'm supposed to spend an afternoon listening to Jack Brickhouse shriek "Back...Back, it's a Home Runnnnn!!!" Well, that's just what I'm going to do, counter-revolutionary me.

And why do I want to do this, so many years past the baseball-bubblegum card stage? Because I want to use all of my senses. Because I want to see as much as these weakening eyes are capable of seeing, and hear much more than background music, and touch the distant leaves and smell the sweet aromas which in some places still exist. Allen Ginsberg, a man with a true vision and a poor eyesight, in a recent Playboy Interview (April 69) gave one example of what happened to HIM when he opened his eyes while chanting in Lincoln Park during the Festival of Life. He was chanting, facing the John Hancock Building and

I was able to look at the Hancock Building and see it as a tiny little tower of electrical lights--a very superficial toy compared with the power, grandeur and immensity of one human body. Another familiar thing I recognized during the trance was the animal, brown, snaky, sentient living presence of some big trees standing outside the circle of chanters. I realized that those trees had more going for them than the Hancock Building; they were ALIVE at least, and so to be respected, observed and communed with--in the sense of being noticed in one's consciousness as they hiply signified their own trunkhood and leafage. They looked like great big doggy-trees.

Well, Wrigley Field is full of joyful doggy-trees. Some of them are in the shape of ballplayers who run to the plate with grand élan to congratulate a home run hitter. Others take the form of old men who return each year, since the last championship in 1945, and chatter and bet on each pitch as they sunbathe and drink beer in the bleachers. Some are 12-year olds who actually KNOW that the batter lined out to the second-baseman because he swung too late. And others, like me, become doggy-trees because they shed their superficial sophisticated bark and get a new pair of glasses which let in more light and refract it anew.

Betcha buck the Cubs take first place!

Marshall Rosenthal

FEEDBACK

Dear Seed:

Thought you might like to let your readers know of a move out here to get the manufacturers of speed to switch their production lines to the new "love drug", MDA (3, 4-methylenedioxy-phenylisopropylamine), which has been available irregularly the past year. I quote from a pamphlet signed by the "Diggers Chamber of Commerce":

"Super-drug-guru Alexander Shulgin of Dow Chemical and inventor of STP has announced (Med. Pharmacol. Exp. 17, p. 359, 1967) that the same simple syntheses responsible for the flood of poisonous amphetamine can be used to make a completely different drug called MDA, which does not speed, but liberates feelings of love and affection. If you can make amphetamine, you can make MDA. Do it, and help speed the extinction of speed. The sequence benzaldehyde to beta-nitrostyrene to benzyl methyl ketone (phenyl-acetone) to amphetamine gives instead MDA when piperonal is substituted for the benzaldehyde (piperonal is 3, 4-methylenedioxy-benzaldehyde). Even simpler is the procedure of Fujisawa (Chemical Abstracts 52, 11965b, 1958)."

They also quote from Shulgin's article that the MDA does not (at doses of 100mg.) cause bad physical symptoms, disturbed thought, or visual hallucinations, but it did create a strong "three-dimensionality" when listening to music, as also occurs with hallucinogens like LSD. At the present time it is apparently not illegal to prepare, possess, or to conduct animal experiments with MDA, but as an experimental drug it should not be administered to humans without FDA approval of the research.

Yours,
SK

(Editor's note: Reliable sources say that MDA is mescaline and speed. Check the above references for more information.)

Dear Seed:

Once again I have seen the extent of insane prejudiced opinion and complete undemocratic practices fulfilled in this so-called country known as the land of the free. I recently moved to Chicago and was amazed and shocked at the restrictive dress code which I received upon attempting to enroll at Schurz High School. These items in the code are all unconstitutional, yet I was denied admission to the school because of my appearance. Following is the dress code for boys at Schurz:

1. No coverall type of jeans or dungarees may be worn at any time.
2. Belts must be of conventional style and size, and must be worn correctly.
3. Boots with cuban heels, or shoes of any kind bearing cleats or metal pieces on heels are not to be worn.
4. Shirts must be tucked in trousers. Sport shirts with square bottom may or may not be tucked inside trousers.
5. Athletic sweat shirts may not be worn, nor may any type of sweat shirt, sweater, or shirt be worn bearing any insignia except the name of Schurz High School.
6. Hair must be cut as to have shingle (taper) at rear of head. Side burns must be clipper trimmed and not lower than the lower portion of the ear.
7. Personal cleanliness, including clothing, is fully expected.

So now as I write this there are many human beings being oppressed in public schools. So many more are oppressed at work and in businesses. What can be done to bring this country back to operating on the principles upon which it was found-



ed? I believe that this is the most important question on the hearts and minds of men today.

Truly Up Against the Wall,
Paul (HAIR) Bisgaard
Chicago

Dear Seed:

To anyone who believes in Frank Zappa's idea of working within the system to destroy the system, I've got some good news. I've found a place where you can earn some bread and get practice on screwing the system. You must be 18 and straight-looking; after a week on the job you'll be free. Sound good? Then leave your name on the bulletin board at the Kinetic Theater.

G. L.

Dear Seed:

Is there any homosexual organization (I happen to be female), that is, where people have intelligent meetings, not gay bars where people paw each other? Like today if you're homosexual but not out to peddle it, you might as well forget it. Does this have to be the case? Can anyone answer this, or even the question either illegal or undeserving of an answer? C. N.

